

Summer Reading & Play for Girls

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*Read tales from Japan, Australia, Romania, and France; experience America first-hand from
a Russian Jewish immigrant's eyes, and an African-American poet; learn how to start a garden,
set up camp in the wilderness, play new games, and cook. Above all, enjoy!*

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Momotaro, or The Story of the Son of a Peach

by Yei Theodora Ozaki, from *Japanese Fairy Tales*

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Long, long ago there lived, an old man and. an old woman; they were peasants, and had to work hard to earn their daily rice. The old man used to go and cut grass for the farmers around, and while he was gone the old woman, his wife, did the work of the house and worked in their own little rice field.

One day the old man went to the hills as usual to cut grass and the old woman took some clothes to the river to wash.

It was nearly summer, and the country was very beautiful to see in its fresh greenness as the two old people went on their way to work. The grass on the banks of the river looked like emerald velvet, and the pussy willows along the edge of the water were shaking out their soft tassels.

The breezes blew and ruffled the smooth surface of the water into wavelets, and passing on touched the cheeks of the old couple who, for some reason they could not explain, felt very happy that morning.

The old woman at last found a nice spot by the river bank and put her basket down. Then she set to work to wash the clothes; she took them one by one out of the basket and washed them in the river and rubbed them on the stones. The water was as clear as crystal, and she could see the tiny fish swimming to and fro, and the pebbles at the bottom.

As she was busy washing her clothes a great peach came bumping down the stream. The old woman looked up from her work and saw this large peach. She was sixty years of age, yet in all her life she had never seen such a big peach as this.

"How delicious that peach must be!" she said to herself. "I must certainly get it and take it home to my old man."

She stretched out her arm to try and get it, but it was quite out of her reach. She looked about for a stick, but there was not one to be seen, and if she went to look for one she would lose the peach.

Stopping a moment to think what she would do, she remembered an old charm-verse. Now she began to clap her hands to keep time to the rolling of the peach down stream, and while she clapped she sang this song:

"Distant water is bitter,
The near water is sweet;
Pass by the distant water
And come into the sweet."

Strange to say, as soon as she began to repeat this little song the peach began to come nearer and nearer the bank where the old woman was standing, till at last it stopped just in front of her so that she was able to take it up in her hands. The old woman was delighted. She could not go on with her work, so happy and excited was she, so she put all the clothes back in her bamboo basket, and with the basket on her back and the peach in her hand she hurried homewards.

It seemed a very long time to her to wait till her husband returned. The old man at last came back as the sun was setting, with a big bundle of grass on his back--so big that he was almost hidden and she could hardly see him. He seemed very tired and used the scythe for a walking stick, leaning on it as he walked along.

As soon as the old woman saw him she called out:

"O Fii San! (old man) I have been waiting for you to come home for such a long time to-day!"

"What is the matter? Why are you so impatient?" asked the old man, wondering at her unusual eagerness. "Has anything happened while I have been away?"

"Oh, no!" answered the old woman, "nothing has happened, only I have found a nice present for you!"

"That is good," said the old man. He then washed his feet in a basin of water and stepped up to the veranda.

The old woman now ran into the little room and brought out from the cupboard the big peach. It felt even heavier than before. She held it up to him, saying:

"Just look at this! Did you ever see such a large peach in all your life?"

When the old man looked at the peach he was greatly astonished and said:

"This is indeed the largest peach I have ever seen! Wherever did you

buy it?"

"I did not buy it," answered the old woman. "I found it in the river where I was washing." And she told him the whole story.

"I am very glad that you have found it. Let us eat it now, for I am hungry," said the O Fii San.

He brought out the kitchen knife, and, placing the peach on a board, was about to cut it when, wonderful to tell, the peach split in two of itself and a clear voice said:

"Wait a bit, old man!" and out stepped a beautiful little child.

The old man and his wife were both so astonished at what they saw that they fell to the ground. The child spoke again:

"Don't be afraid. I am no demon or fairy. I will tell you the truth. Heaven has had compassion on you. Every day and every night you have lamented that you had no child. Your cry has been heard and I am sent to be the son of your old age!"

On hearing this the old man and his wife were very happy. They had cried night and day for sorrow at having no child to help them in their lonely old age, and now that their prayer was answered they were so lost with joy that they did not know where to put their hands or their feet. First the old man took the child up in his arms, and then the old woman did the same; and they named him MOMOTARO, OR SON OF A PEACH, because he had come out of a peach.

The years passed quickly by and the child grew to be fifteen years of age. He was taller and far stronger than any other boys of his own age, he had a handsome face and a heart full of courage, and he was very wise for his years. The old couple's pleasure was very great when they looked at him, for he was just what they thought a hero ought to be like.

One day Momotaro came to his foster-father and said solemnly:

"Father, by a strange chance we have become father and son. Your goodness to me has been higher than the mountain grasses which it was your daily work to cut, and deeper than the river where my mother washes the clothes. I do not know how to thank you enough."

"Why," answered the old man, "it is a matter of course that a father should bring up his son. When you are older it will be your turn to take care of us, so after all there will be no profit or loss

between us--all will be equal. Indeed, I am rather surprised that you should thank me in this way!" and the old man looked bothered.

"I hope you will be patient with me," said Momotaro; "but before I begin to pay back your goodness to me I have a request to make which I hope you will grant me above everything else."

"I will let you do whatever you wish, for you are quite different to all other boys!"

"Then let me go away at once!"

"What do you say? Do you wish to leave your old father and mother and go away from your old home?"

"I will surely come back again, if you let me go now!"

"Where are you going?"

"You must think it strange that I want to go away," said Momotaro, "because I have not yet told you my reason. Far away from here to the northeast of Japan there is an island in the sea. This island is the stronghold of a band of devils. I have often heard how they invade this land, kill and rob the people, and carry off all they can find. They are not only very wicked but they are disloyal to our Emperor and disobey his laws. They are also cannibals, for they kill and eat some of the poor people who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. These devils are very hateful beings. I must go and conquer them and bring back all the plunder of which they have robbed this land. It is for this reason that I want to go away for a short time!"

The old man was much surprised at hearing all this from a mere boy of fifteen. He thought it best to let the boy go. He was strong and fearless, and besides all this, the old man knew he was no common child, for he had been sent to them as a gift from Heaven, and he felt quite sure that the devils would be powerless to harm him.

"All you say is very interesting, Momotaro," said the old man. "I will not hinder you in your determination. You may go if you wish. Go to the island as soon as ever you like and destroy the demons and bring peace to the land."

"Thank you, for all your kindness," said Momotaro, who began to get ready to go that very day. He was full of courage and did not know what fear was.

The old man and woman at once set to work to pound rice in the kitchen mortar to make cakes for Momotaro to take with him on his journey.

At last the cakes were made and Momotaro was ready to start on his long journey.

Parting is always sad. So it was now. The eyes of the two old people were filled with tears and their voices trembled as they said:

"Go with all care and speed. We expect you back victorious!"

Momotaro was very sorry to leave his old parents (though he knew he was coming back as soon as he could), for he thought of how lonely they would be while he was away. But he said "Good-by!" quite bravely.

"I am going now. Take good care of yourselves while I am away. Good-by!" And he stepped quickly out of the house. In silence the eyes of Momotaro and his parents met in farewell.

Momotaro now hurried on his way till it was midday. He began to feel hungry, so he opened his bag and took out one of the rice-cakes and sat down under a tree by the side of the road to eat it. While he was thus having his lunch a dog almost as large as a colt came running out from the high grass. He made straight for Momotaro, and showing his teeth, said in a fierce way:

"You are a rude man to pass my field without asking permission first. If you leave me all the cakes you have in your bag you may go; otherwise I will bite you till I kill you!"

Momotaro only laughed scornfully:

"What is that you are saying? Do you know who I am? I am Momotaro, and I am on my way to subdue the devils in their island stronghold in the northeast of Japan. If you try to stop me on my way there I will cut you in two from the head downwards!"

The dog's manner at once changed. His tail dropped between his legs, and coming near he bowed so low that his forehead touched the ground.

"What do I hear? The name of Momotaro? Are you indeed Momotaro? I have often heard of your great strength. Not knowing who you were I have behaved in a very stupid way. Will you please pardon my rudeness? Are you indeed on your way to invade the Island of Devils?"

If you will take such a rude fellow with you as one of your followers, I shall be very grateful to you."

"I think I can take you with me if you wish to go," said Momotaro.

"Thank you!" said the dog. "By the way, I am very very hungry. Will you give me one of the cakes you are carrying?"

"This is the best kind of cake there is in Japan," said Momotaro. "I cannot spare you a whole one; I will give you half of one."

"Thank you very much," said the dog, taking the piece thrown to him.

Then Momotaro got up and the dog followed. For a long time they walked over the hills and through the valleys. As they were going along an animal came down from a tree a little ahead of them. The creature soon came up to Momotaro and said:

"Good morning, Momotaro! You are welcome in this part of the country. Will you allow me to go with you?"

The dog answered jealously:

"Momotaro already has a dog to accompany him. Of what use is a monkey like you in battle? We are on our way to fight the devils! Get away!"

The dog and the monkey began to quarrel and bite, for these two animals always hate each other.

"Now, don't quarrel!" said Momotaro, putting himself between them. "Wait a moment, dog!"

"It is not at all dignified for you to have such a creature as that following you!" said the dog.

"What do you know about it?" asked Momotaro; and pushing aside the dog, he spoke to the monkey:

"Who are you?"

"I am a monkey living in these hills," replied the monkey. "I heard of your expedition to the Island of Devils, and I have come to go with you. Nothing will please me more than to follow you!"

"Do you really wish to go to the Island of Devils and fight with me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the monkey.

"I admire your courage," said Momotaro. "Here is a piece of one of my fine rice-cakes. Come along!"

So the monkey joined Momotaro. The dog and the monkey did not get on well together. They were always snapping at each other as they went along, and always wanting to have a fight. This made Momotaro very cross, and at last he sent the dog on ahead with a flag and put the monkey behind with a sword, and he placed himself between them with a war-fan, which is made of iron.

By and by they came to a large field. Here a bird flew down and alighted on the ground just in front of the little party. It was the most beautiful bird Momotaro had ever seen. On its body were five different robes of feathers and its head was covered with a scarlet cap.

The dog at once ran at the bird and tried to seize and kill it. But the bird struck out its spurs and flew at the dog's tail, and the fight went hard with both.

Momotaro, as he looked on, could not help admiring the bird; it showed so much spirit in the fight. It would certainly make a good fighter.

Momotaro went up to the two combatants, and holding the dog back, said to the bird:

"You rascal! you are hindering my journey. Surrender at once, and I will take you with me. If you don't I will set this dog to bite your head off!"

Then the bird surrendered at once, and begged to be taken into Momotaro's company.

"I do not know what excuse to offer for quarreling with the dog, your servant, but I did not see you. I am a miserable bird called a pheasant. It is very generous of you to pardon my rudeness and to take me with you. Please allow me to follow you behind the dog and the monkey!"

"I congratulate you on surrendering so soon," said Momotaro, smiling. "Come and join us in our raid on the devils."

"Are you going to take this bird with you also?" asked the dog,

interrupting.

"Why do you ask such an unnecessary question? Didn't you hear what I said? I take the bird with me because I wish to!"

"Humph!" said the dog.

Then Momotaro stood and gave this order:

"Now all of you must listen to me. The first thing necessary in an army is harmony. It is a wise saying which says that 'Advantage on earth is better than advantage in Heaven!' Union amongst ourselves is better than any earthly gain. When we are not at peace amongst ourselves it is no easy thing to subdue an enemy. From now, you three, the dog, the monkey and the pheasant, must be friends with one mind. The one who first begins a quarrel will be discharged on the spot!"

All the three promised not to quarrel. The pheasant was now made a member of Momotaro's suite, and received half a cake.

Momotaro's influence was so great that the three became good friends, and hurried onwards with him as their leader.

Hurrying on day after day they at last came out upon the shore of the North-Eastern Sea. There was nothing to be seen as far as the horizon--not a sign of any island. All that broke the stillness was the rolling of the waves upon the shore.

Now, the dog and the monkey and the pheasant had come very bravely all the way through the long valleys and over the hills, but they had never seen the sea before, and for the first time since they set out they were bewildered and gazed at each other in silence. How were they to cross the water and get to the Island of Devils?

Momotaro soon saw that they were daunted by the sight of the sea, and to try them he spoke loudly and roughly:

"Why do you hesitate? Are you afraid of the sea? Oh! what cowards you are! It is impossible to take such weak creatures as you with me to fight the demons. It will be far better for me to go alone. I discharge you all at once!"

The three animals were taken aback at this sharp reproof, and clung to Momotaro's sleeve, begging him not to send them away.

"Please, Momotaro!" said the dog.

"We have come thus far!" said the monkey.

"It is inhuman to leave us here!" said the pheasant.

"We are not at all afraid of the sea," said the monkey again.

"Please do take us with you," said the pheasant.

"Do please," said the dog.

They had now gained a little courage, so Momotaro said:

"Well, then, I will take you with me, but be careful!"

Momotaro now got a small ship, and they all got on board. The wind and weather were fair, and the ship went like an arrow over the sea. It was the first time they had ever been on the water, and so at first the dog, the monkey and the pheasant were frightened at the waves and the rolling of the vessel, but by degrees they grew accustomed to the water and were quite happy again. Every day they paced the deck of their little ship, eagerly looking out for the demons' island.

When they grew tired of this, they told each other stories of all their exploits of which they were proud, and then played games together; and Momotaro found much to amuse him in listening to the three animals and watching their antics, and in this way he forgot that the way was long and that he was tired of the voyage and of doing nothing. He longed to be at work killing the monsters who had done so much harm in his country.

As the wind blew in their favor and they met no storms the ship made a quick voyage, and one day when the sun was shining brightly a sight of land rewarded the four watchers at the bow.

Momotaro knew at once that what they saw was the devils' stronghold. On the top of the precipitous shore, looking out to sea, was a large castle. Now that his enterprise was close at hand, he was deep in thought with his head leaning on his hands, wondering how he should begin the attack. His three followers watched him, waiting for orders. At last he called to the pheasant:

"It is a great advantage for us to have you with us," said Momotaro to the bird, "for you have good wings. Fly at once to the castle and engage the demons to fight. We will follow you."

The pheasant at once obeyed. He flew off from the ship beating the air gladly with his wings. The bird soon reached the island and took up his position on the roof in the middle of the castle, calling out loudly:

"All you devils listen to me! The great Japanese general Momotaro has come to fight you and to take your stronghold from you. If you wish to save your lives surrender at once, and in token of your submission you must break off the horns that grow on your forehead. If you do not surrender at once, but make up your mind to fight, we, the pheasant, the dog and the monkey, will kill you all by biting and tearing you to death!"

The horned demons looking up and only seeing a pheasant, laughed and said:

"A wild pheasant, indeed! It is ridiculous to hear such words from a mean thing like you. Wait till you get a blow from one of our iron bars!"

Very angry, indeed, were the devils. They shook their horns and their shocks of red hair fiercely, and rushed to put on tiger skin trousers to make themselves look more terrible. They then brought out great iron bars and ran to where the pheasant perched over their heads, and tried to knock him down. The pheasant flew to one side to escape the blow, and then attacked the head of first one and then another demon. He flew round and round them, beating the air with his wings so fiercely and ceaselessly, that the devils began to wonder whether they had to fight one or many more birds.

In the meantime, Momotaro had brought his ship to land. As they had approached, he saw that the shore was like a precipice, and that the large castle was surrounded by high walls and large iron gates and was strongly fortified.

Momotaro landed, and with the hope of finding some way of entrance, walked up the path towards the top, followed by the monkey and the dog. They soon came upon two beautiful damsels washing clothes in a stream. Momotaro saw that the clothes were blood-stained, and that as the two maidens washed, the tears were falling fast down their cheeks. He stopped and spoke to them:

"Who are you, and why do you weep?"

"We are captives of the Demon King. We were carried away from our homes to this island, and though we are the daughters of Daimios (Lords), we are obliged to be his servants, and one day he will kill

us"--and the maidens held up the blood-stained clothes--"and eat us, and there is no one to help us!"

And their tears burst out afresh at this horrible thought.

"I will rescue you," said Momotaro. "Do not weep any more, only show me how I may get into the castle."

Then the two ladies led the way and showed Momotaro a little back door in the lowest part of the castle wall--so small that Momotaro could hardly crawl in.

The pheasant, who was all this time fighting hard, saw Momotaro and his little band rush in at the back.

Momotaro's onslaught was so furious that the devils could not stand against him. At first their foe had been a single bird, the pheasant, but now that Momotaro and the dog and the monkey had arrived they were bewildered, for the four enemies fought like a hundred, so strong were they. Some of the devils fell off the parapet of the castle and were dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath; others fell into the sea and were drowned; many were beaten to death by the three animals.

The chief of the devils at last was the only one left. He made up his mind to surrender, for he knew that his enemy was stronger than mortal man.

He came up humbly to Momotaro and threw down his iron bar, and kneeling down at the victor's feet he broke off the horns on his head in token of submission, for they were the sign of his strength and power.

"I am afraid of you," he said meekly. "I cannot stand against you. I will give you all the treasure hidden in this castle if you will spare my life!"

Momotaro laughed.

"It is not like you, big devil, to beg for mercy, is it? I cannot spare your wicked life, however much you beg, for you have killed and tortured many people and robbed our country for many years."

Then Momotaro tied the devil chief up and gave him into the monkey's charge. Having done this, he went into all the rooms of the castle and set the prisoners free and gathered together all the treasure he found.

The dog and the pheasant carried home the plunder, and thus Momotaro returned triumphantly to his home, taking with him the devil chief as a captive.

The two poor damsels, daughters of Daimios, and others whom the wicked demon had carried off to be his slaves, were taken safely to their own homes and delivered to their parents.

The whole country made a hero of Momotaro on his triumphant return, and rejoiced that the country was now freed from the robber devils who had been a terror of the land for a long time.

The old couple's joy was greater than ever, and the treasure Momotaro had brought home with him enabled them to live in peace and plenty to the end of their days.

Weedah The Mocking Bird

by K. Langloh Parker, from *Australian Legendary Tales*
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Weedah was playing a great trick on the black fellows who lived near him. He had built himself a number of grass nyunnoos, more than twenty. He made fires before each, to make it look as if some one lived in the nyunnoos. First he would go into one nyunnoo, or humpy, and cry like a baby, then to another and laugh like a child, then in turn, as he went the round of the humpies he would sing like a maiden, corroboree like a man, call out in a quavering voice like an old man, and in a shrill voice like an old woman; in fact, imitate any sort of voice he had ever heard, and imitate them so quickly in succession that any one passing would think there was a great crowd of blacks in that camp. His object was to entice as many strange black fellows into his camp as he could, one at a time; then he would kill them and gradually gain the whole country round for his own. His chance was when he managed to get a single black fellow into his camp, which he very often did, then by his cunning he always gained his end and the black fellow's death. This was how he attained that end. A black fellow, probably separated from his fellows in the excitement of the chase, would be returning home alone passing within earshot of Weedah's camp he would hear the various voices and wonder what tribe could be there. Curiosity would induce him to come near. He would probably peer into the camp, and, only seeing Weedah standing alone, would advance towards him. Weedah would be standing at a little distance from a big glowing fire, where he would wait until the strange black fellow came quite close to him. Then he would ask him what he wanted. The stranger would say he had heard many voices and had wondered what tribe it could be, so had come near to find out. Weedah would say, "But only I am here. How could you have heard voices? See; look round; I am alone." Bewildered, the stranger would look round and say in a puzzled tone of voice: "Where are they all gone? As I came I heard babies crying, men calling, and women laughing; many voices I heard but you only I see."

"And only I am here. The wind must have stirred the branches of the balah trees, and you must have thought it was the wailing of children, the laughing of the gougourgahgah you heard, and thought it the laughter of women and mine must have been the voice as of men that you heard. Alone in the bush, as the shadows fall, a man breeds strange fancies. See by the light of this fire, where are your fancies now? No women laugh, no babies cry, only I, Weedah, talk." As Weedah was talking he kept edging the stranger towards the fire; when they were quite close to it, he turned swiftly, seized him, and threw him right into the middle of the blaze. This scene was repeated time after time, until at last the ranks of the black fellows living round the camp of

Weedah began to get thin.

Mullyan, the eagle hawk, determined to fathom the mystery, for as yet the black fellows had no clue as to how or where their friends had disappeared. Mullyan, when Beeargah, his cousin, returned to his camp no more, made up his mind to get on his track and follow it, until at length he solved the mystery. After following the track of Beeargah, as he had chased the kangaroo to where he had slain it, on he followed his homeward trail. Over stony ground he tracked him, and through sand, across plains, and through scrub. At last in a scrub and still on the track of Beeargah, he heard the sounds of many voices, babies crying, women singing, men talking. Peering through the bush, finding the track took him nearer the spot whence came the sounds, he saw the grass humpies. "Who can these be?" he thought. The track led him right into the camp, where alone Weedah was to be seen. Mullyan advanced towards him and asked where were the people whose voices he had heard as he came through the bush.

Weedah said: "How can I tell you? I know of no people; I live alone."

"But," said Mullyan, the eagle hawk, "I heard babies crying, women laughing, and men talking, not one but many."

"And I alone am here. Ask of your cars what trick they played you, or perhaps your eyes fail you now. Can you see any but me? Look for yourself."

"And if, as indeed it seems, you only are here, what did you with Beeargah my cousin, and where are my friends? Many are their trails that I see coming into this camp, but none going out. And if you alone live here you alone can answer me."

"What know I of you or your friends? Nothing. Ask of the winds that blow. Ask of Bahloo the moon, who looks down on the earth by night. Ask of Yhi the sun, that looks down by day. But ask not Weedah, who dwells alone, and knows naught of your friends." But as Weedah was talking he was carefully edging Mullyan towards the fire.

Mullyan, the eagle hawk, too, was cunning, and not easy to trap. He saw a blazing fire in front of him, he saw the track of his friend behind him, he saw Weedah was edging him towards the fire, and it came to him in a moment the thought that if the fire could speak, well could it tell where were his friends. But the time was not yet come to show that he had fathomed the mystery. So he affected to fall into the trap. But when they reached the fire, before Weedah had time to act his usual part, with a mighty grip Mullyan the eagle hawk seized him, saying,

"Even as you served Beeargah the hawk, my cousin, and my friends, so now serve I you." And right into the middle of the blazing fire he threw him. Then he turned homewards in haste, to tell the black fellows that he had solved the fate of their friends, which had so long been a mystery. When he was some distance from the Weedah's camp, he heard the sound of a thunder clap. But it was not thunder it was the bursting of the back of Weedah's head, which had burst with a bang as of a thunder clap. And as it burst, out from his remains had risen a bird, Weedah, the mocking bird; which bird to this day has a hole at the back of his head, just in the same place as Weedah the black fellow's head had burst, and whence the bird came forth.

To this day the Weedah makes grass playgrounds, through which he runs, imitating, as he plays, in quick succession, any voices he has ever heard, from the crying of a child to the laughing of a woman; from the mewing of a cat to the barking of a dog, and hence his name Weedah, the mocking bird.

Billabong

by Mary Grant Bruce, Chapter 1 of A Little Bush Maid,

Norah's home was on a big station in the north of Victoria--so large that you could almost, in her own phrase, "ride all day and never see any one you didn't want to see"; which was a great advantage in Norah's eyes. Not that Billabong Station ever seemed to the little girl a place that you needed to praise in any way. It occupied so very modest a position as the loveliest part of the world!

The homestead was built on a gentle rise that sloped gradually away on every side; in front to the wide plain, dotted with huge gum trees and great grey box groves, and at the back, after you had passed through the well-kept vegetable garden and orchard, to a long lagoon, bordered with trees and fringed with tall bulrushes and waving reeds.

The house itself was old and quaint and rambling, part of the old wattle and dab walls yet remaining in some of the outhouses, as well as the grey shingle roof. There was a more modern part, for the house had been added to from time to time by different owners, though no additions had been made since Norah's father brought home his young wife, fifteen years before this story opens. Then he had built a large new wing with wide and lofty rooms, and round all had put a very broad, tiled verandah. The creepers had had time to twine round the massive posts in those fifteen years, and some even lay in great masses on the verandah roof; tecoma, pink and salmon-coloured; purple bougainvillea, and the snowy mandevilla clusters. Hard-headed people said this was not good for the building--but Norah's mother had planted them, and because she had loved them they were never touched.

There was a huge front garden, not at all a proper kind of garden, but a great stretch of smooth buffalo grass, dotted with all kinds of trees, amongst which flower beds cropped up in most unexpected and unlikely places, just as if some giant had flung them out on the grass like a handful of pebbles that scattered as they flew. They were always trim and tidy, and the gardener, Hogg, was terribly strict, and woe betide the author of any small footmarks that he found on one of the freshly raked surfaces. Nothing annoyed him more than the odd bulbs that used to come up in the midst of his precious buffalo grass; impertinent crocuses and daffodils and hyacinths, that certainly had no right there. "Blest if I know how they ever gets there!" Hogg would say, scratching his head. Whereat Norah was wont to retire behind a pyramid tree for purposes of mirth.

Hogg's sworn foe was Lee Wing, the Chinese gardener, who reigned supreme in the orchard and the kingdom of vegetables--not quite the same thing

as the vegetable kingdom, by the way! Lee Wing was very fat, his broad, yellow face generally wearing a cheerful grin--unless he happened to catch sight of Hogg. His long pigtail was always concealed under his flapping straw hat. Once Jim, who was Norah's big brother, had found him asleep in his hut with the pigtail drooping over the edge of the bunk. Jim thought the opportunity too good to lose and, with such deftness that the Celestial never stirred, he tied the end of the pigtail to the back of a chair--with rather startling results when Lee Wing awoke with a sudden sense of being late, and made a spring from the bunk. The chair of course followed him, and the loud yell of fear and pain raised by the victim brought half the homestead to the scene of the catastrophe. Jim was the only one who did not wait for developments. He found business at the lagoon.

The queerest part of it was that Lee Wing firmly believed Hogg to be the author of his woe. Nothing moved him from this view, not even when Jim, finding how matters stood, owned up like a man. "You allee same goo' boy," said the pigtailed one, proffering him a succulent raw turnip. "Me know. You tellee fine large crammee. Hogg, he tellee crammee, too. So dly up!" And Jim, finding expostulation useless, "dried up" accordingly and ate the turnip, which was better than the leek.

To the right of the homestead at Billabong a clump of box trees sheltered the stables that were the unspoken pride of Mr. Linton's heart.

Before his time the stables had been a conglomerate mass, bark-roofed, slab-sided, falling to decay; added to as each successive owner had thought fit, with a final mixture of old and new that was neither convenient nor beautiful. Mr. Linton had apologised to his horses during his first week of occupancy and, in the second, turning them out to grass with less apology, had pulled down the rickety old sheds, replacing them with a compact and handsome building of red brick, with room for half a dozen buggies, men's quarters, harness and feed rooms, many loose boxes and a loft where a ball could have been held--and where, indeed, many a one was held, when all the young farmers and stockmen and shearers from far and near brought each his lass and tripped it from early night to early dawn, to the strains of old Andy Ferguson's fiddle and young Dave Boone's concertina. Norah had been allowed to look on at one or two of these gatherings. She thought them the height of human bliss, and was only sorry that sheer inability to dance prevented her from "taking the floor" with Mick Shanahan, the horse breaker, who had paid her the compliment of asking her first. It was a great compliment, too, Norah felt, seeing what a man of agility and splendid accomplishments was Mick--and that she was only nine at the time.

There was one loose box which was Norah's very own property, and without her permission no horse was ever put in it except its rightful occupant--Bobs, whose name was proudly displayed over the door in Jim's best carving.

Bobs had always belonged to Norah, He had been given to her as a foal, when Norah used to ride a round little black sheltie, as easy to fall off as to mount. He was a beauty even then, Norah thought; and her father had looked approvingly at the long-legged baby, with his fine, well-bred head. "You will have something worth riding when that fellow is fit to break in, my girlie," he had said, and his prophecy had been amply fulfilled. Mick Shanahan said he'd never put a leg over a finer pony. Norah knew there never had been a finer anywhere. He was a big pony, very dark bay in colour, and "as handsome as paint," and with the kindest disposition; full of life and "go," but without the smallest particle of vice. It was an even question which loved the other best, Bobs or Norah. No one ever rode him except his little mistress. The pair were hard to beat--so the men said.

To Norah the stables were the heart of Billabong. The house was all very well--of course she loved it; and she loved her own little room, with its red carpet and dainty white furniture, and the two long windows that looked out over the green plain. That was all right; so were the garden and the big orchard, especially in summer time! The only part that was not "all right" was the drawing-room--an apartment of gloomy, seldom-used splendour that Norah hated with her whole heart.

But the stables were an abiding refuge. She was never dull there. Apart from the never-failing welcome in Bobs' loose box, there was the dim, fragrant loft, where the sunbeams only managed to send dusty rays of light across the gloom. Here Norah used to lie on the sweet hay and think tremendous thoughts; here also she laid deep plans for catching rats--and caught scores in traps of her own devising. Norah hated rats, but nothing could induce her to wage war against the mice. "Poor little chaps!" she said; "they're so little--and--and soft!" And she was quite saddened if by chance she found a stray mouse in any of her shrewdly-designed traps for the benefit of the larger game which infested the stables and had even the hardihood to annoy Bobs!

Norah had never known her mother. She was only a tiny baby when that gay little mother died--a sudden, terrible blow, that changed her father in a night from a young man to an old one. It was nearly twelve years ago, now, but no one ever dared to speak to David Linton of his wife. Sometimes Norah used to ask Jim about mother--for Jim was fifteen, and could remember just a little; but his memories were so vague and misty that his information was unsatisfactory. And, after all, Norah did not trouble much. She had always been so happy that she could not imagine

that to have had a mother would have made any particular difference to her happiness. You see, she did not know.

She had grown just as the bush wild flowers grow--hardy, unchecked, almost untended; for, though old nurse had always been there, her nursing had gone her own way from the time she could toddle. She was everybody's pet and plaything; the only being who had power to make her stern, silent father smile--almost the only one who ever saw the softer side of his character. He was fond and proud of Jim--glad that the boy was growing up straight and strong and manly, able to make his way in the world. But Norah was his heart's desire.

Of course she was spoilt--if spoiling consists in rarely checking an impulse. All her life Norah had done pretty well whatever she wanted--which meant that she had lived out of doors, followed in Jim's footsteps wherever practicable (and in a good many ways most people would have thought distinctly impracticable), and spent about two-thirds of her waking time on horseback. But the spoiling was not of a very harmful kind. Her chosen pursuits brought her under the unspoken discipline of the work of the station, wherein ordinary instinct taught her to do as others did, and conform to their ways. She had all the dread of being thought "silly" that marks the girl who imitates boyish ways. Jim's rare growl, "Have a little sense!" went farther home than a whole volume of admonitions of a more ordinarily genuine feminine type.

She had no little girl friends, for none was nearer than the nearest township--Cunjee, seventeen miles away. Moreover, little girls bored Norah frightfully. They seemed a species quite distinct from herself. They prattled of dolls; they loved to skip, to dress up and "play ladies"; and when Norah spoke of the superior joys of cutting out cattle or coursing hares over the Long Plain, they stared at her with blank lack of understanding. With boys she got on much better. Jim and she were tremendous chums, and she had moped sadly when he went to Melbourne to school. Holidays then became the shining events of the year, and the boys whom Jim brought home with him, at first prone to look down on the small girl with lofty condescension, generally ended by voting her "no end of a jolly kid," and according her the respect due to a person who could teach them more of bush life than they had dreamed of.

But Norah's principal mate was her father. Day after day they were together, riding over the run, working the cattle, walking through the thick scrub of the backwater, driving young, half-broken horses in the high dog-cart to Cunjee--they were rarely apart. David Linton seldom made a plan that did not naturally include Norah. She was a wise little companion, too; ready enough to chatter like a magpie if her father were in the mood, but quick to note if he were not, and then quite content to be silently beside him, perhaps for hours. They understood each other

perfectly. Norah never could make out the people who pitied her for having no friends of her own age. How could she possibly be bothered with children, she reflected, when she had Daddy?

As for Norah's education, that was of the kind best defined as a minus quantity.

"I won't have her bothered with books too early," Mr. Linton had said when nurse hinted, on Norah's eight birthday, that it was time she began the rudiments of learning. "Time enough yet--we don't want to make a bookworm of her!"

Whereat nurse smiled demurely, knowing that that was the last thing to be afraid of in connexion with her child. But she worried in her responsible old soul all the same; and when a wet day or the occasional absence of Mr. Linton left Norah without occupation, she induced her to begin a few elementary lessons. The child was quick enough, and soon learned to read fairly well and to write laboriously; but there nurse's teaching from books ended.

Of other and practical teaching, however, she had a greater store. Mr. Linton had a strong leaning towards the old-fashioned virtues, and it was at a word from him that Norah had gone to the kitchen and asked Mrs. Brown to teach her to cook. Mrs. Brown--fat, good-natured and adoring--was all acquiescence, and by the time Norah was eleven she knew more of cooking and general housekeeping than many girls grown up and fancying themselves ready to undertake houses of their own. Moreover, she could sew rather well, though she frankly detested the accomplishment. The one form of work she cared for was knitting, and it was her boast that her father wore only the socks she manufactured for him.

Norah's one gentle passion was music. Never taught, she inherited from her mother a natural instinct and an absolutely true ear, and before she was seven she could strum on the old piano in a way very satisfying to herself and awe-inspiring to the admiring nurse. Her talent increased yearly, and at ten she could play anything she heard--from ear, for she had never been taught a note of music. It was, indeed, her growing capabilities in this respect that forced upon her father the need for proper tuition for the child. However, a stopgap was found in the person of the book-keeper, a young Englishman, who knew more of music than accounts. He readily undertook Norah's instruction, and the lessons bore moderately good effect--the moderation being due to a not unnatural disinclination on the pupil's part to walk where she had been accustomed to run, and to a fixed loathing to practice. As the latter necessary, if uninteresting, pursuit was left entirely to her own discretion--for no one ever dreamed of ordering Norah to the piano--it is small wonder if

it suffered beside the superior attractions of riding Bobs, rat trapping, "shinning up" trees, fishing in the lagoon and generally disporting herself as a maiden may whom conventional restrictions have never trammelled.

It follows that the music lessons, twice a week, were times of woe for Mr. Groom, the teacher. He was an earnest young man, with a sincere desire for his pupil's improvement, and it was certainly disheartening to find on Friday that the words of Tuesday had apparently gone in at one ear and out at the other simultaneously. Sometimes he would remonstrate.

"You haven't got on with that piece a bit!"

"What's the good?" the pupil would remark, twisting round on the music stool; "I can play nearly all of it from ear!"

"That's not the same"--severely--"that's only frivolling. I'm not here to teach you to strum."

"No" Norah would agree abstractedly. "Mr. Groom, you know that poley bullock down in the far end paddock--"

"No, I don't," severely. "This is a music lesson, Norah; you're not after cattle now!"

"Wish I were!" sighed the pupil. "Well, will you come out with the dogs this afternoon?"

"Can't; I'm wanted in the office. Now, Norah--"

"But if I asked father to spare you?"

"Oh, I'd like to right enough." Mr. Groom was young, and the temptress, if younger, was skilled in wiles.

"But your father--"

"Oh, I can manage Dad. I'll go and see him now." She would be at the door before her teacher perceived that his opportunity was vanishing.

"Norah, come back! If I'm to go out, you must play this first--and get it right."

Mr. Groom could be firm on occasions. "Come along, you little shirker!" and Norah would unwillingly return to the music stool, and worry

laboriously though a page of the hated Czerny.

The Boys With the Golden Stars

by Rumanische Marchen, from Andrew Lang's *The Violet Fairy Book*

PG Etext #641

Once upon a time what happened did happen: and if it had not happened, you would never have heard this story.

Well, once upon a time there lived an emperor who had half a world all to himself to rule over, and in this world dwelt an old herd and his wife and their three daughters, Anna, Stana, and Laptitza.

Anna, the eldest, was so beautiful that when she took the sheep to pasture they forgot to eat as long as she was walking with them. Stana, the second, was so beautiful that when she was driving the flock the wolves protected the sheep. But Laptitza, the youngest, with a skin as white as the foam on the milk, and with hair as soft as the finest lamb's wool, was as beautiful as both her sisters put together--as beautiful as she alone could be.

One summer day, when the rays of the sun were pouring down on the earth, the three sisters went to the wood on the outskirts of the mountain to pick strawberries. As they were looking about to find where the largest berries grew they heard the tramp of horses approaching, so loud that you would have thought a whole army was riding by. But it was only the emperor going to hunt with his friends and attendants.

They were all fine handsome young men, who sat their horses as if they were part of them, but the finest and handsomest of all was the young emperor himself.

As they drew near the three sisters, and marked their beauty, they checked their horses and rode slowly by.

'Listen, sisters!' said Anna, as they passed on. 'If one of those young men should make me his wife, I would bake him a loaf of bread which should keep him young and brave for ever.'

'And if I,' said Stana, 'should be the one chosen, I would weave my husband a shirt which will keep him unscathed when he fights with dragons; when he goes through water he will never even be wet; or if through fire, it will not scorch him.'

'And I,' said Laptitza, 'will give the man who chooses me two boys, twins, each with a golden star on his forehead, as bright as those in the sky.'

And though they spoke low the young men heard, and turned their horses'

heads.

'I take you at your word, and mine shall you be, most lovely of empresses!' cried the emperor, and swung Laptitza and her strawberries on the horse before him.

'And I will have you,' 'And I you,' exclaimed two of his friends, and they all rode back to the palace together.

The following morning the marriage ceremony took place, and for three days and three nights there was nothing but feasting over the whole kingdom. And when the rejoicings were over the news was in everybody's mouth that Anna had sent for corn, and had made the loaf of which she had spoken at the strawberry beds. And then more days and nights passed, and this rumour was succeeded by another one--that Stana had procured some flax, and had dried it, and combed it, and spun it into linen, and sewed it herself into the shirt of which she had spoken over the strawberry beds.

Now the emperor had a stepmother, and she had a daughter by her first husband, who lived with her in the palace. The girl's mother had always believed that her daughter would be empress, and not the 'Milkwhite Maiden,' the child of a mere shepherd. So she hated the girl with all her heart, and only bided her time to do her ill.

But she could do nothing as long as the emperor remained with his wife night and day, and she began to wonder what she could do to get him away from her.

At last, when everything else had failed, she managed to make her brother, who was king of the neighbouring country, declare war against the emperor, and besiege some of the frontier towns with a large army. This time her scheme was successful. The young emperor sprang up in wrath the moment he heard the news, and vowed that nothing, not even his wife, should hinder his giving them battle. And hastily assembling whatever soldiers happened to be at hand he set off at once to meet the enemy. The other king had not reckoned on the swiftness of his movements, and was not ready to receive him. The emperor fell on him when he was off his guard, and routed his army completely. Then when victory was won, and the terms of peace hastily drawn up, he rode home as fast as his horse would carry him, and reached the palace on the third day.

But early that morning, when the stars were growing pale in the sky, two little boys with golden hair and stars on their foreheads were born to Laptitza. And the stepmother, who was watching, took them away, and dug a hole in the corner of the palace, under the windows of the emperor,

and put them in it, while in their stead she placed two little puppies.

The emperor came into the palace, and when they told him the news he went straight to Laptitza's room. No words were needed; he saw with his own eyes that Laptitza had not kept the promise she had made at the strawberry beds, and, though it nearly broke his heart, he must give orders for her punishment.

So he went out sadly and told his guards that the empress was to be buried in the earth up to her neck, so that everyone might know what would happen to those who dared to deceive the emperor.

Not many days after, the stepmother's wish was fulfilled. The emperor took her daughter to wife, and again the rejoicings lasted for three days and three nights.

Let us now see what happened to the two little boys.

The poor little babies had found no rest even in their graves. In the place where they had been buried there sprang up two beautiful young aspens, and the stepmother, who hated the sight of the trees, which reminded her of her crime, gave orders that they should be uprooted. But the emperor heard of it, and forbade the trees to be touched, saying, 'Let them alone; I like to see them there! They are the finest aspens I have ever beheld!'

And the aspens grew as no aspens had ever grown before. In each day they added a year's growth, and each night they added a year's growth, and at dawn, when the stars faded out of the sky, they grew three years' growth in the twinkling of an eye, and their boughs swept across the palace windows. And when the wind moved them softly, the emperor would sit and listen to them all the day long.

The stepmother knew what it all meant, and her mind never ceased from trying to invent some way of destroying the trees. It was not an easy thing, but a woman's will can press milk out of a stone, and her cunning will overcome heroes. What craft will not do soft words may attain, and if these do not succeed there still remains the resource of tears.

One morning the empress sat on the edge of her husband's bed, and began to coax him with all sorts of pretty ways.

It was some time before the bait took, but at length--even emperors are only men!

'Well, well,' he said at last, 'have your way and cut down the trees; but out of one they shall make a bed for me, and out of the other, one

for you!'

And with this the empress was forced to be content. The aspens were cut down next morning, and before night the new bed had been placed in the emperor's room.

Now when the emperor lay down in it he seemed as if he had grown a hundred times heavier than usual, yet he felt a kind of calm that was quite new to him. But the empress felt as if she was lying on thorns and nettles, and could not close her eyes.

When the emperor was fast asleep, the bed began to crack loudly, and to the empress each crack had a meaning. She felt as if she were listening to a language which no one but herself could understand.

'Is it too heavy for you, little brother?' asked one of the beds.

'Oh, no, it is not heavy at all,' answered the bed in which the emperor was sleeping. 'I feel nothing but joy now that my beloved father rests over me.'

'It is very heavy for me!' said the other bed, 'for on me lies an evil soul.'

And so they talked on till the morning, the empress listening all the while.

By daybreak the empress had determined how to get rid of the beds. She would have two others made exactly like them, and when the emperor had gone hunting they should be placed in his room. This was done and the aspen beds were burnt in a large fire, till only a little heap of ashes was left.

Yet while they were burning the empress seemed to hear the same words, which she alone could understand.

Then she stooped and gathered up the ashes, and scattered them to the four winds, so that they might blow over fresh lands and fresh seas, and nothing remain of them.

But she had not seen that where the fire burnt brightest two sparks flew up, and, after floating in the air for a few moments, fell down into the great river that flows through the heart of the country. Here the sparks had turned into two little fishes with golden scales, and one was so exactly like the other that everyone could tell at the first glance that they must be twins. Early one morning the emperor's fishermen went down to the river to get some fish for their master's breakfast, and cast

their nets into the stream. As the last star twinkled out of the sky they drew them in, and among the multitude of fishes lay two with scales of gold, such as no man had ever looked on.

They all gathered round and wondered, and after some talk they decided that they would take the little fishes alive as they were, and give them as a present to the emperor.

'Do not take us there, for that is whence we came, and yonder lies our destruction,' said one of the fishes.

'But what are we to do with you?' asked the fisherman.

'Go and collect all the dew that lies on the leaves, and let us swim in it. Then lay us in the sun, and do not come near us till the sun's rays shall have dried off the dew,' answered the other fish.

The fisherman did as they told him--gathered the dew from the leaves and let them swim in it, then put them to lie in the sun till the dew should be all dried up.

And when he came back, what do you think he saw? Why, two boys, two beautiful young princes, with hair as golden as the stars on their foreheads, and each so like the other, that at the first glance every one would have known them for twins.

The boys grew fast. In every day they grew a year's growth, and in every night another year's growth, but at dawn, when the stars were fading, they grew three years' growth in the twinkling of an eye. And they grew in other things besides height, too. Thrice in age, and thrice in wisdom, and thrice in knowledge. And when three days and three nights had passed they were twelve years in age, twenty-four in strength, and thirty-six in wisdom.

'Now take us to our father,' said they. So the fisherman gave them each a lambskin cap which half covered their faces, and completely hid their golden hair and the stars on their foreheads, and led them to the court.

By the time they arrived there it was midday, and the fisherman and his charges went up to an official who was standing about. 'We wish to speak with the emperor,' said one of the boys.

'You must wait until he has finished his dinner,' replied the porter.

'No, while he is eating it,' said the second boy, stepping across the threshold.

The attendants all ran forward to thrust such impudent youngsters outside the palace, but the boys slipped through their fingers like quicksilver, and entered a large hall, where the emperor was dining, surrounded by his whole court.

'We desire to enter,' said one of the princes sharply to a servant who stood near the door.

'That is quite impossible,' replied the servant.

'Is it? let us see!' said the second prince, pushing the servants to right and left.

But the servants were many, and the princes only two. There was the noise of a struggle, which reached the emperor's ears.

'What is the matter?' asked he angrily.

The princes stopped at the sound of their father's voice.

'Two boys who want to force their way in,' replied one of the servants, approaching the emperor.

'To FORCE their way in? Who dares to use force in my palace? What boys are they?' said the emperor all in one breath.

'We know not, O mighty emperor,' answered the servant, 'but they must surely be akin to you, for they have the strength of lions, and have scattered the guards at the gate. And they are as proud as they are strong, for they will not take their caps from their heads.'

The emperor, as he listened, grew red with anger.

'Thrust them out,' cried he. 'Set the dogs after them.'

'Leave us alone, and we will go quietly,' said the princes, and stepped backwards, weeping silently at the harsh words. They had almost reached the gates when a servant ran up to them.

'The emperor commands you to return,' panted he: 'the empress wishes to see you.'

The princes thought a moment: then they went back the way they had come, and walked straight up to the emperor, their caps still on their heads.

He sat at the top of a long table covered with flowers and filled with guests. And beside him sat the empress, supported by twelve cushions.

When the princes entered one of the cushions fell down, and there remained only eleven.

'Take off your caps,' said one of the courtiers.

'A covered head is among men a sign of honour. We wish to seem what we are.'

'Never mind,' said the emperor, whose anger had dropped before the silvery tones of the boy's voice. 'Stay as you are, but tell me WHO you are! Where do you come from, and what do you want?'

'We are twins, two shoots from one stem, which has been broken, and half lies in the ground and half sits at the head of this table. We have travelled a long way, we have spoken in the rustle of the wind, have whispered in the wood, we have sung in the waters, but now we wish to tell you a story which you know without knowing it, in the speech of men.'

And a second cushion fell down.

'Let them take their silliness home,' said the empress.

'Oh, no, let them go on,' said the emperor. 'You wished to see them, but I wish to hear them. Go on, boys, sing me the story.'

The empress was silent, but the princes began to sing the story of their lives.

'There was once an emperor,' began they, and the third cushion fell down.

When they reached the warlike expedition of the emperor three of the cushions fell down at once.

And when the tale was finished there were no more cushions under the empress, but the moment that they lifted their caps, and showed their golden hair and the golden stars, the eyes of the emperor and of all his guests were bent on them, and they could hardly bear the power of so many glances.

And there happened in the end what should have happened in the beginning. Laptitza sat next her husband at the top of the table. The stepmother's daughter became the meanest sewing maid in the palace, the stepmother was tied to a wild horse, and every one knew and has never forgotten that whoever has a mind turned to wickedness is sure to end

badly.

Sandwiches,

by Sarah Tyson Heston Rorer, from *Sandwiches*
PG EBook #29329

Chicken and Lettuce à la Kendall

Put sufficient cold boiled chicken through the meat chopper to make a half pint, pound it in a mortar or rub it in a bowl with the hard-boiled yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of thick cream, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and if you have it, two saltspoonfuls of celery seed; in the winter you may add a half cupful of finely chopped celery. Butter thin slices of white bread, cover them with this mixture, place on top a slice of brown bread buttered on both sides, then a thick layer of shredded celery, with a tablespoonful of mayonnaise in the middle, then another slice of buttered white bread; press together, trim the crusts and cut into fingers.

Honolulu Sandwiches

Put two Spanish sweet peppers (pimientos), one Neufchatel cheese, one pared and quartered apple and twelve blanched almonds through the meat grinder. These may be put through alternately, or mixed as you grind. Rub the mixture, add a half teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of paprika. Spread this between thin slices of buttered white or brown bread. Press, cut the crusts and cut into fingers.

Swedish Sandwiches

Flake any cold cooked fish, dust it with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Rub the bottom of a bowl with a clove of garlic, add a half cupful of mayonnaise, four finely chopped gherkins, twelve chopped olives and two tablespoonfuls of capers. Mix and stir in two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley. Spread a thin layer of this dressing over a plain slice of bread, do not butter the bread, cover it with fish, put on top a crisp lettuce leaf, then cover with another slice of bread that has been spread with the dressing. Press, trim the crusts and cut into fingers.

Farmer's Egg Sandwiches

Put six eggs into warm water, bring to a boil and keep at boiling point, without boiling hard, for a half hour. Throw them into cold water, remove the shells and cut them into slices lengthwise. A very fine wire is best for cutting eggs. Butter the slices on the loaf, then cut them off, cover with slices of hard-boiled eggs, dust lightly with salt and pepper. Spread the eggs carefully with sandwich dressing, put on another

slice of buttered bread, press the two together and cut into triangles.
If you have lettuce or cress put a leaf over the dressing.

Quiet Games

by Jessie H. Bancroft, from *Games for the Playground, Home, School and Gymnasium*

PG EBook #25660

AUTHOR'S INITIALS

2 to 60 players.

Parlor; schoolroom.

Each player is given a piece of paper on which is written various series or groups of words, each group descriptive of some author, and each word beginning with one of his initials in regular order. The player wins who guesses the largest number of authors. The following are suggested; others may be devised:--

1. Juveniles firmly conquered (James Fenimore Cooper).
2. Name honored (Nathaniel Hawthorne).
3. Bright humor (Bret Harte).
4. One wholesome humorist (Oliver Wendell Holmes).
5. Really lasting stories (Robert Louis Stevenson).
6. Cheerful laborer (Charles Lamb).
7. Tender, brilliant author (Thomas Bailey Aldrich).
8. Heroism wisely lauded (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow).
9. Just, gentle writer (John Greenleaf Whittier).
10. Poetry bridged skyward (Percy Bysshe Shelley).
11. Clever delineator (Charles Dickens).
12. Rare brain (Robert Browning).
13. Weird imagination (Washington Irving).

"B" GAME

5 to 30 or more players.

House party.

Each player is given a sheet of paper with numbered questions prepared like the following list. The answer to each question is to be written opposite it, and must consist of the letter B as an initial and added to it the number of letters designated, the whole conforming to the definition given. The following examples will illustrate:--

1. B and one letter, meaning to exist.--Be.
2. B and two letters forming a sack.--Bag.
3. B and three letters forming a storehouse.--Barn.
4. B and three letters, side of a stream.--Bank.
5. B and three letters, a young creature.--Baby.

6. B and three letters, a bag of goods.--Bale.
7. B and three letters, without hair.--Bald.
8. B and three letters, a surety.--Bond.
9. B and three letters, timber.--Beam.
10. B and three letters, a vegetable.--Beet.--Bean.
11. B and three letters, a poet.--Bard.
12. B and three letters, a drink.--Beer.
13. B and three letters, a globule.--Bead.
14. B and three letters, part of a bird.--Beak.
15. B and three letters, a vessel.--Boat.
16. B and four letters, an appendage.--Beard.
17. B and four letters, a tree.--Beech.
18. B and four letters, to commence.--Begin.
19. B and four letters, a strand.--Beach.
20. B and four letters, a receptacle.--Basin.
21. B and four letters, a kind of meat.--Bacon.
22. B and five letters, a combat.--Battle.
23. B and five letters, a hound.--Beagle.
24. B and five letters, a signal.--Beacon.
25. B and five letters, a cup.--Beaker.
26. B and eight letters, a demon.--Beelzebub.

The player wins who answers correctly the largest number. This game may be devised for any initial letter.

MUSIC BOX

3 to 60 players.

House party; schoolroom; playground.

Each player is given a slip of paper and pencil. Some one who has a good repertoire of popular airs sits at the piano--or lacking a piano, may sing without words--and goes briefly through snatches of one air after another, each of the players writing on his slip of paper the name of the air, or leaving a blank if he be unable to name it. The one wins who names the largest number of airs correctly.

This is an admirable game to use for old ballads, such as "Annie Laurie," "Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Blue Bells of Scotland," etc., or for national airs, or for both together. In a company that is well up on current music, airs from current songs and popular operas may be used successfully.

Rain In Summer

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
&

What Becomes of the Rain?

By Julia Ellen Rogers, from *Earth and Sky Every Child Should Know*
PG EBook #32598

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane

It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE RAIN?

The clouds that sail overhead are made of watery vapour. Sometimes they look like great masses of cotton-wool against the intense blue of the sky. Sometimes they are set like fleecy plumes high above the earth. Sometimes they hang like a sullen blanket of gray smoke, so low they almost touch the roofs of the houses. Indeed, they often rest on the ground and then we walk through a dense fog.

In their various forms, clouds are like wet sponges, and when they are wrung dry they disappear--all their moisture falls upon the earth. When the air is warm, the water comes in the form of rain. If it is cold, the drops are frozen into hail, sleet, or snow.

All of the water in the oceans, in the lakes and rivers, great and small, all over the earth, comes from one source, the clouds. In the course of a year enough rain and snow fall to cover the entire surface of the globe to a depth of forty inches. This quantity of water amounts to 34,480 barrels on every acre. What becomes of it all?

We can easily understand that all the seas and the other bodies of water would simply add forty inches to their depth, and many would become larger, because the water would creep up on their gradually sloping shores. We have to account for the rain and the snow that fall upon the dry land and disappear.

Go out after a drenching rainstorm and look for the answer to this question. The gullies along the street are full of muddy, running water. There are pools of standing water on level places, but on every slope the water is hurrying away. The ground is so sticky that wagons on country roads may mire to the hubs in the pasty earth. There is no use in trying to work in the garden or to mow the lawn. The sod is soft as a cushion, and the garden soil is water-soaked below the depth of a spading-fork.

The sun comes out, warm and bright, and the flagstones of the sidewalk soon begin to steam like the wooden planks of the board walk. The sun is changing the surface water into steam which rises into the sky to form a part of another bank of clouds. The earth has soaked up quantities of the water that fell. If we followed the racing currents in the gullies we should find them pouring into sewer mains at various points, and from these underground pipes the water is conducted to some outlet like a river. All of the streams are swollen by the hundreds of brooks and rivulets that are carrying the surface water to the lowest level.

So we can see some of the rainfall going back to the sky, some running

off through rivulets to the sea, and some soaking into the ground. It will be interesting to follow this last portion as it gradually settles into the earth. The soil will hold a certain quantity, for it is made up of fine particles, all separated by air spaces, and it acts like a sponge. In seasons of drought and great heat the sun will draw this soil water back to the surface, by forming cracks in the earth, and fine, hair-like tubes, through which the vapour may easily rise. The gardener has to rake the surface of the beds frequently to stop up these channels by which the sun is stealing the precious moisture.

The water that the surface soil cannot absorb sinks lower and lower into the ground. It finds no trouble to settle through layers of sand, for the particles do not fit closely together. It may come to a bed of clay which is far closer. Here progress is retarded. The water may accumulate, but finally it will get through, if the clay is not too closely packed. Again it may sink rapidly through thick beds of gravel or sand. Reaching another bed of clay which is stiffer by reason of the weight of the earth above it, the water may find that it cannot soak through. The only way to pass this clay barrier is to fill the basin, and to trickle over the edge, unless a place is found in the bottom where some looser substance offers a passage. Let us suppose that a concave clay basin of considerable depth is filled with water-soaked sand. At the very lowest point on the edge of this basin a stream will slowly trickle out, and will continue to flow, as long as water from above keeps the bowl full.

It is not uncommon to find on hillsides, in many regions, little brooks whose beginnings are traceable to springs that gush out of the ground. The spring fills a little basin, the overflow of which is the brook. If the source of this spring could be traced underground, we might easily follow it along some loose rock formation until we come to a clay basin like the one described above. We might have to go down quite a distance and then up again to reach the level of this supply, but the level of the water at the mouth of the spring can never be higher than the level of the water in the underground supply basin.

Often in hot summers springs "go dry." The level of water in the supply basin has fallen below the level of the spring. We must wait until rainfall has added to the depth of water in the basin before we can expect any flow into the pool which marks the place where the brook begins.

Suppose we had no beds of clay, but only sand and gravel under the surface soil. We should then expect the water to sink through this loose material without hindrance, and, finding its way out of the ground, to flow directly into the various branches of the main river system of our region. After a long rain we should have the streams flooded for a few

days, then dry weather and the streams all low, many of them entirely dry until the next rainstorm.

Instead of this, the soil to a great depth is stored with water which cannot get away, except by the slow process by which the springs draw it off. This explains the steady flow of rivers. What should we do for wells if it were not for the water basins that lie below the surface? A shallow well may go dry. Its owner digs deeper, and strikes a lower "vein" of water that gives a more generous supply. In the regions of the country where the drift soil, left by the great ice-sheet, lies deepest, the glacial boulder clay is very far down. The surface water, settling from one level to another, finally reaches the bottom of the drift. Wells have to be deep that reach this water bed.

The water follows the slope of this bed and is drained into the ocean, sometimes by subterranean channels, because the bed of the nearest river is on a much higher level. So we must not think that the springs contain only the water that feeds the rivers. They contain more.

The layers of clay at different levels, from the surface down to the bottom of the drift, form water basins and make it possible for people to obtain a water supply without the expense of digging deep wells. The clayey subsoil, only a few feet below the surface, checks the downward course of the water, so that the sun can gradually draw it back, and keep a supply where plant roots can get it. The vapour rising keeps the air humid, and furnishes the dew that keeps all plant life comfortable and happy even through the hot summer months.

Under the drift lie layers of stratified rock, and under these are the granites and other fire-formed rocks, the beginning of those rock masses which form the solid bulk of the globe. We know little about the core of the earth, but the granites that are exposed in mountain ridges are found to have a great capacity for absorbing water, so it is not unlikely that much surface water soaks into the rock foundations and is never drained away into the sea.

The water in our wells is often hard. It becomes so by passing through strata of soil and rock made, in part, at least, of limestone, which is readily dissolved by water which contains some acid. Soil water absorbs acids from the decaying vegetation,--the dead leaves and roots of plants. Rain water is soft, and so is the water in ponds that have muddy basins, destitute of lime. Water in the springs and wells of the Mid-Western States is "hard" because it percolates through limestone material. In many parts of this country the well water is "soft," because of the scarcity of limestone in the soil.

I have seen springs around which the plants and the pebbles were coated with an incrustation of lime. "Petrified moss" is the name given to the plants thus turned to stone. The reason for this deposit is clear.

Underground water is often subjected to great pressure, and at this time it is able to dissolve much more of any mineral substance than under ordinary conditions. When the pressure is released, the water is unable to hold in solution the quantity of mineral it contains; therefore, as it flows out through the mouth of the spring, the burden of mineral is laid down. The plants coated with the lime gradually decay, but their forms are preserved.

There are springs the water of which comes out burdened with iron, which is deposited as a yellowish or red mineral on objects over which it flows. Ponds fed by these springs accumulate deposits of the mineral in the muddy bottoms. Some of the most valuable deposits of iron ore have accumulated in bogs fed by iron-impregnated spring water. In a similar way lime deposits called marl or chalk are made.

The Flax

by Hans Christian Andersen, from *The Child's World*, edited by Hetty Browne, et al
PG EBook #15170

I

It was spring. The flax was in full bloom, and it had dainty little blue flowers that nodded in the breeze.

"People say that I look very well," said the flax. "They say that I am fine and long and that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How happy I am! No one in the world can be happier."

"Oh, yes," said the fence post, "you may grow and be happy, and you may sing, but you do not know the world as I do. Why, I have knots in me." And it creaked;

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse, lurre,
The song is ended."

"No, it is not ended," said the flax. "The sun will shine, and the rain will fall, and I shall grow and grow. No, no, the song is not ended."

One day some men came with sharp reap hooks. They took the flax by the head and cut it off at the roots. This was very painful, you may be sure.

Then the flax was laid in water and was nearly drowned. After that it was put on a fire and nearly roasted. All this was frightful. But the flax only said, "One cannot be happy always. By having bad times as well as good, we become wise."

After the flax had been cut and steeped and roasted, it was put on a spinning wheel. "Whir-r-r, whir-rr-r," went the spinning wheel; it went so fast that the flax could hardly think.

"I have been very happy in the sunshine and the rain," it said. "If I am in pain now, I must be contented."

At last the flax was put in the loom. Soon it became a beautiful piece of white linen.

"This is very wonderful," said the flax. "How foolish the fence post was

with its song of--

'Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse, lurre,
The song is ended.'

The song is not ended, I am sure. It has only just begun.

"After all that I have suffered, I am at last made into beautiful linen.
How strong and fine I am, and how long and white! This is even better
than being a plant bearing flowers. I have never been happier than I am
now."

After some time the linen was cut into pieces and sewed with needles.
That was not pleasant; but at last there were twelve pretty white
aprons.

"See," said the flax, "I have been made into something. Now I shall be
of some use in the world. That is the only way to be happy."

II

Years passed by, and the linen was so worn that it could hardly hold
together.

"The end must come soon," said the flax.

At last the linen did fall into rags and tatters; it was torn into
shreds and boiled in water. The flax thought the end had come.

But no, the end was not yet. After being made into pulp and dried, the
flax became beautiful white paper.

"This is a surprise, a glorious surprise," it said. "I am finer than
ever, and I shall have fine things written on me. How happy I am!"

And sure enough, the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon
it. People read the stories and verses, and they were made wiser and
better. Their children and their children's children read them, too, and
so the song was not ended.

Desserts

by Miss E. Neill, from *The Every-Day Cook-Book* (1889)

from the University of California – Los Angeles American Library at archive.org

ECONOMICAL CAKE.

One pound of flour, one quarter pound of sugar, one quarter pound of butter or lard, one half pound of currants, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, the whites of four eggs, one half pint of milk. In making many sweet dishes, the whites of eggs are not required, and if well beaten and added to the above ingredients, make an excellent cake, with or without currants. Beat the butter to a cream, well whisk the whites of the eggs, and stir all the ingredients together but the soda, which must not be added until all is well mixed, and the cake is ready to be put into the oven. When the mixture has been well beaten, stir in the soda, put the cake into a buttered mould, and bake it in a moderate oven for one and a half hours.

COCOA-NUT PIE.

One half pound of grated cocoa-nut, three quarter pounds of white sugar (powdered), six ounces of butter, five eggs, the whites only, one glass of white wine, two tablespoonfuls rose-water, one tablespoonful of nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar, and when well mixed, beat very light, with the wine and rose-water. Add the cocoa-nut with as little and as light beating as possible; finally, whip in the stiffened whites of the eggs with a few skillful strokes, and bake at once in open shells. Eat cold, with powdered sugar sifted over them.

LEMON TARTS.

Mix well together the juice and grated rind of two lemons, two cups of sugar, two eggs, and the crumbs of sponge cake; beat it all together until smooth; put into twelve patty-pans lined with puff-paste, and bake until the crust is done.

PEACH MERINGUE.

Pare and quarter (removing stones) a quart of sound, ripe peaches, place them all in a dish that it will not injure to set in the oven and yet be suitable to place on the table. Sprinkle the peaches with sugar, and cover them well with the beaten whites of three eggs. Stand the dish in the oven, until the eggs have become a delicate brown, then remove and, when cool enough, set the dish on ice, in a very cool place. Take the yolks of the eggs, add to them a pint of milk, sweeten and flavor and boil same in a custard kettle, being careful to keep the eggs from curdling. When cool, pour into a

glass pitcher and serve^ with the meringue when ready to use.

A Boy and His Stomach

by Anonymous, from *Poems Teachers Ask For*
EBook #18909

What's the matter, stummick? Ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I always been a pardner to you? All my pennies don't I spend
In getting nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter, You had to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday;
I gave you more corn an' chicken than you'd ever had before;
I gave you fruit an' candy, apple pie an' chocolate cake,
An' last night when I got to bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you? Ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted; you was hard jes' like a ball,
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin'; yet last night
You ached most awful, stummick! That ain't treatin' me jest right.

I've been a friend to you, I have! Why ain't you a friend o' mine?
They gave me castor oil becoz you made me whine.
I'm feelin' fine this mornin'; yes it's true;
But I tell you, stummick, you better appreciate things I do for you.

First Steps Toward a Garden

by Olive Hyde Foster, from *Gardening for Little Girls*
EBook #39993

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air.

--_Bacon._

If you want a flower garden, you can begin work as early as March. Does that sound strange,--with cold winds and occasional snow? Ah, but the plans should all be laid then, and many things started in the house.

Four steps must be taken before starting actual work:

First.--Find out what space you can have for your garden.

Second.--Consider the soil, situation, surroundings.

Third.--Make a list of seeds, bulbs, etc., desired.

Fourth.--Decide on planting with view to height and color.

As to the first step, find out positively where you can have your garden. It makes considerable difference whether you can have the whole back yard, a plot along the walk, a round bed in the center of the lawn (only worse than none at all!), or a window-box. You can not very well decide on a single plant until this is settled.

As to the second step, learn all you can about the soil, situation, surroundings. Is your ground rich or poor? If light and sandy, you can grow such flowers as nasturtiums and mignonette. By adding fertilizer you can have poppies, roses, and dahlias. If the ground is heavy and stiff with clay, you can still have your roses and dahlias if you will add both manure and sand. So find out what kind of earth you are going to work with. Quite poor soil will grow sweet alyssum, California poppies, coreopsis and geraniums, while rich soil is needed for asters, larkspur, zinnias and marigolds. And think about your location (a dry spot being necessary for portulaca, and a cool, moist place for lily-of-the-valley), as well as bear in mind whether your garden is sheltered and warm or exposed to the chilly winds. Any desert can be made to blossom as the rose,--if you only know how.

As to the third step, make the list of the seeds, bulbs, etc., that you would like, with the idea of having some flowers in bloom the whole summer long. If you are lucky enough to have a kind friend or neighbor give you of her store, they will probably be good and come up as they should. If you have to buy, though, be sure to go to a first-class, reliable dealer, for you don't want to waste your time and money on old things that won't grow.

Then last of all, decide on your planting from this list with a view to height and color, so that you will arrange to the best advantage,--the nasturtiums which climb, for instance, going to the back of the bed against wall or trellis, while the dwarf variety should be at the front.

BIG WORDS FOR COMMON THINGS

To select your flowers intelligently, though, you must know something about their nature, habits, and tendencies, and certain words always found in seed catalogues and garden books may be puzzling to a beginner.

- a. Annuals, for example, are the plants that live but a year or a single season.
- b. Biennials, however, continue for two years before they perish, making roots and leaves the first year and usually flowering the second.
- c. Perennials are the kind that continue for more than two years.
- d. Deciduous refers to the shrubs and trees that lose their leaves in the fall.
- e. Evergreens are those that keep their verdure the whole year round.
- f. Herbaceous plants may be annual, biennial or perennial, but they have a stem that does not become woody, and that dies down after flowering.
- g. Hybrids are plants produced by "crossing," or mixing two distinct varieties.

PLANT NEEDS

All plant life, you must understand, requires five things,--WARMTH,

LIGHT, AIR, WATER and FOOD. But plants differ as much as people, and some need more of one thing than they do of another. Some grow best in sunlight, others in the shade; some in sand, others in rich soil. You will have to find out what each kind requires. The food properties needed in the soil have some big names, too,-- nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid, all of which are found in farm manures. If you can not conveniently get these, however, florists and seed-men can supply you with other fertilizers more easily handled.

THE SEED NURSERY

If you are just getting ready to start your garden, the annuals,--the plants that flower from seed the first season though they do not come up again,--will probably interest you most as they give the quickest returns. Many kinds can be started in the house in March, and for this purpose any kind of a shallow box will answer. Bore holes in the bottom and put in a layer of broken pottery or stones, to permit drainage, so the roots will not rot. Fill three or four inches deep with good soil, after pulverizing and taking out all sticks and stones.

RULES FOR INDOOR PLANTING

Mark grooves in seed boxes (or "flats") with a stick, in parallel lines.

Plant seeds only about their own depth.

Scatter thinly to avoid crowding.

Press soil down firmly after seeds have been covered.

Keep the earth moist by means of a fine spray, or sprinkle with a whisk broom. The ordinary sprinkler lets out the water with such force as to wash the seeds clear out of the ground.

The very finest seeds should be sprinkled lightly--and thinly--over the pulverized soil and then pressed into the earth with a small board.

The different seeds should be sown in separate rows, and the names plainly marked on the edge of the box, so you will not become confused, or forget what you are growing.

Cover the boxes with glass or a newspaper for the first week, to keep the earth moist and warm until the seeds sprout.

FAMILIAR ANNUALS

Even as early as March you can start in the boxes in this way any of the following annuals, which will bloom at the time mentioned or even earlier:--

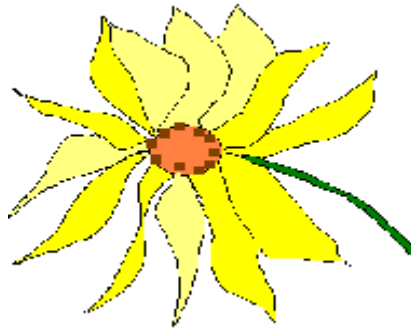
Ageratum, blue, good for edging; blooms for three months during summer.
Asters, white, pink, red, purple; early in the fall.
Alyssum, sweet, white; from May to November.
Amethyst, blue, violet, white; flowers all summer.
Balsam, white, red, yellow; from July to middle of September.
Chrysanthemum, tricolor; August to middle of October.
Cosmos, white, pink, crimson; August to November.
Cypress vine, red, and white starry blossoms; June and July.
Godetia, red, white; July to October.
Moonflower (Japanese morning-glory), white, a vine; August to September.
Pansy, all shades and combinations, of white, yellow, purple; July on.
Chinese pink, white, rose, maroon; May to August.
Salvia, red; August to frost.
Ten Weeks' Stock, white, pink, purple; June and July.
Zinnia, red, yellow, magenta; July to November.

EASILY GROWN PERENNIALS

Both the perennials and the biennials following should all blossom the first year if started in the house in March:--

Gaillardia, red, yellow.
Forget-me-not, lovely blue.
Larkspur, blue.
Snapdragon, white, red, purple, yellow, pink.
Sweet William, white, pink, red, maroon, plain, variegated.
Coreopsis, yellow.
Cupid's Dart, blue.
Iceland Poppy, yellow, white, scarlet.

Get as many as you can--and your space will permit,--of all the lovely old perennials and the bulbs that come up every season with little or no care. One of the oldest,--now deserted--farmhouses on Long Island, still carries in its dooryard the impress of some gentle flower-lover long since passed away, in its annual spring beauty of daffodils and lilies-of-the-valley. And the few bulbs and pips transplanted from there to my own garden, have thrived and spread so profusely that I, too, can pass them on to others.



HARDY FLOWERS ALL SUMMER

With carefully chosen bulbs and perennials alone, it is possible to have a succession of lovely blooms. In March your heart will be made happy with snowdrop and crocus; in April with violet, daffodil, narcissus, hyacinth and tulip; in May and June with spirea, peony, iris, forget-me-not, columbine, baby's breath, bleeding heart, mountain pink, candytuft, Chinese pink; in July and August, golden glow, hollyhock, larkspur, hardy phlox, snap-dragon; September and October, sunflower, dahlia, gladiolus and aster, with November closing the season with all kinds of beautiful chrysanthemums. And many of these often come earlier than expected, or stay later. How easily raised are they by the person with little time!

The Night Moth With A Crooked Feeler

by Clara Dillingham Pierson, from *Among the Forest People*
EBook #34971

The beautiful, brilliant Butterflies of the Meadow had many cousins living in the forest, most of whom were Night Moths. They also were very beautiful creatures, but they dressed in duller colors and did not have slender waists. Some of the Butterflies, you know, wear whole gowns of black and yellow, others have stripes of black and white, while some have clear yellow with only a bit of black trimming the edges of the wings.

The Moths usually wear brown and have it brightened with touches of buff or dull blue. If they do wear bright colors, it is only on the back pair of wings, and when the Moth alights, he slides his front pair of wings over these and covers all the brightness. They do not rest with their wings folded over their heads like the Butterflies, but leave them flat. All the day long, when the sun is shining, the Moths have to rest on trees and dead leaves. If they were dressed in yellow or red, any passing bird would see them, and there is no telling what might happen. As it is, their brown wings are so nearly the color of dead leaves or bark that you might often look right at them without seeing them.

Yet even among Moths there are some more brightly colored than others, and when you find part of the family quietly dressed you can know it is because they have to lay the eggs. Moths are safer in dull colors, and the egg-layers should always be the safest of all. If anything happened to them, you know, there would be no Caterpillar babies.

One day a fine-looking Cecropia Moth came out of her chrysalis and clung to the nearest twig while her wings grew and dried and flattened. At first they had looked like tiny brown leaves all drenched with rain and wrinkled by somebody's stepping on them. The fur on her fat body was matted and wet, and even her feelers were damp and stuck to her head. Her six beautiful legs were weak and trembling, and she moved her body restlessly while she tried again and again to raise her crumpled wings.

She had not been there so very long before she noticed another Cecropia Moth near her, clinging to the under side of a leaf. He was also just out of the chrysalis and was drying himself. "Good morning!" he cried. "I think I knew you when we were Caterpillars. Fine day to break the chrysalis, isn't it?"

"Lovely," she answered. "I remember you very well. You were the Caterpillar who showed me where to find food last summer when the hot weather had withered so many of the plants."

"I thought you would recall me," he said. "And when we were spinning our chrysalides we visited together. Do you remember that also?"

Miss Cecropia did. She had been thinking of that when she first spoke, but she hoped he had forgotten. To tell the truth, he had been rather fond of her the fall before, and she, thinking him the handsomest Caterpillar of her acquaintance, had smiled upon him and suggested that they spin their cocoons near together. During the long winter she had regretted this. "I was very foolish," she thought, "to encourage him. When I get my wings I may meet people who are better off than he. Now I shall have to be polite to him for the sake of old friendship. I only hope that he will make other acquaintances and leave me free. I must get into the best society."

All this time her neighbor was thinking, "I am so glad to see her again, so glad, so glad! When my wings are dry I will fly over to her and we will go through the forest together." He was a kind, warm-hearted fellow, who cared more for friendship than for beauty or family.

Meanwhile their wings were growing fast, and drying, and flattening, so that by noon they could begin to raise them above their heads. They were very large Moths and their wings were of a soft dust color with little clear, transparent places in them and touches of the most beautiful blue, quite the shade worn by the Peacock, who lived on the farm. There was a brown and white border to their wings, and on their bodies and legs the fur was white and dark orange. When the Cecropias rest, they spread their wings out flat, and do not slide the front pair over the others as their cousins, the Sphinxes, do. The most wonderful of all, though, are their feelers.

The Butterflies have stiff feelers on their heads with little knobs on the ends, or sometimes with part of them thick like tiny clubs. The Night Moths have many kinds of feelers, most of them being curved, and those of the Cecropias look like reddish-brown feathers pointed at the end.

Miss Cecropia's feelers were perfect, and she waved them happily to and fro. Those of her friend, she was troubled to see, were not what they should have been. One of them was all right, the other was small and crooked. "Oh dear," she said to herself, "how that does look! I hope he will not try to be attentive to me." He did not mind it much. He thought about other things than looks.

As night came, a Polyphemus Moth fluttered past. "Good evening!" cried he. "Are you just out? There are a lot of Cecropias coming out to-day."

Miss Cecropia felt quite agitated when she heard this, and wondered if she looked all right. Her friend flew over to her just as she raised her wings for flight. "Let me go with you," he said.

While she was wondering how she could answer him, several other Cecropias came along. They were all more brightly colored than she. "Hullo!" cried one of them, as he alighted beside her. "First-rate night, isn't it?"

He was a handsome fellow, and his feelers were perfect; but Miss Cecropia did not like his ways, and she drew away from him just as her friend knocked him off the branch. While they were fighting, another of the strangers flew to her. "May I sit here?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured, thinking her chance had come to get into society.

"I must say that it served the fellow right for his rudeness to you," said the stranger, in his sweetest way; "but who is the Moth who is punishing him--that queer-looking one with a crooked feeler?"

"Sir," said she, moving farther from him, "he is a friend of mine, and I do not think it matters to you if he is queer-looking."

"Oh!" said the stranger. "Oh! oh! oh! You have a bad temper, haven't you? But you are very good-looking in spite of that." There is no telling what he would have said next, for at this minute Miss Cecropia's friend heard the mean things he was saying, and flew against him.

It was not long before this stranger also was punished, and then the Moth with the crooked feeler turned to the others. "Do any of you want to try it?" he said. "You must understand that you cannot be rude before her." And he pointed his right fore leg at Miss Cecropia as she sat trembling on the branch.

"Her!" they cried mockingly, as they flew away. "There are prettier Moths than she. We don't care anything for her."

Miss Cecropia's friend would have gone after them to punish them for this impoliteness, but she clung to him and begged him not to. "You will be killed, I know you will," she sobbed. "And then what will become of me?"

"Would you miss me?" he asked, as he felt of one of his wings, now broken and bare.

"Yes," she cried. "You are the best friend I have. Please don't go."

"But I am such a homely fellow," he said. "I don't see how you can like me since I broke my wing."

"Well, I do like you," she said. "Your wing isn't much broken after all, and I like your crooked feeler. It is so different from anybody else's." Miss Cecropia looked very happy as she spoke, and she quite forgot how she once decided to go away from him. There are some people, you know, who can change their minds in such a sweet and easy way that we almost love them the better for it. One certainly could love Miss Cecropia for this, because it showed that she had learned to care more for a warm heart and courage than for whole wings and straight feelers.

Mr. Cecropia did not live long after this, unfortunately, but they were very, very happy together, and she often said to her friends, as she laid her eggs in the best places, "I only hope that when my Caterpillar babies are grown and have come out of their chrysalides, they may be as good and as brave as their father was."

The Promised Land

by Mary Antin, from Chapter IX of *The Promised Land*, from *Modern Prose And Poetry; For Secondary Schools*
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During his three years of probation, my father had made a number of false starts in business. His history for that period is the history of thousands who come to America, like him, with pockets empty, hands untrained to the use of tools, minds cramped by centuries of repression in their native land. Dozens of these men pass under your eyes every day, my American friend, too absorbed in their honest affairs to notice the looks of suspicion which you cast at them, the repugnance with which you shrink from their touch. You see them shuffle from door to door with a basket of spools and buttons, or bending over the sizzling irons in a basement tailor shop, or rummaging in your ash can, or moving a pushcart from curb to curb, at the command of the burly policeman. "The Jew peddler!" you say, and dismiss him from your premises and from your thoughts, never dreaming that the sordid drama of his days may have a moral that concerns you. What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizenship papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is one day going to mend your state constitution for you? What if the ragpicker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools? Think, every time you pass the greasy alien on the street, that he was born thousands of years before the oldest native American; and he may have something to communicate to you, when you two shall have learned a common language. Remember that his very physiognomy is a cipher the key to which it behooves you to search for most diligently.

* * * *

By the time we joined my father, he had surveyed many avenues of approach toward the coveted citadel of fortune. One of these, heretofore untried, he now proposed to essay, armed with new courage, and cheered on by the presence of his family. In partnership with an energetic little man who had an English chapter in his history, he prepared to set up a refreshment booth on Crescent Beach. But while he was completing arrangements at the beach, we remained in town, where we enjoyed the educational advantages of a thickly populated neighborhood; namely, Wall Street, in the West End of Boston.

Anybody who knows Boston knows that the West and North Ends are the wrong ends of that city. They form the tenement district, or, in the newer phrase, the slums of Boston. Anybody who is acquainted with the slums of any American metropolis knows that that is the quarter where

poor immigrants foregather, to live, for the most part, as unkempt, half-washed, toiling, unaspiring foreigners; pitiful in the eyes of social missionaries, the despair of boards of health, the hope of ward politicians, the touchstone of American democracy. The well-versed metropolitan knows the slums as a sort of house of detention for poor aliens, where they live on probation till they can show a certificate of good citizenship.

He may know all this and yet not guess how Wall Street, in the West End, appears in the eyes of a little immigrant from Polotzk. What would the sophisticated sight-seer say about Union Place, off Wall Street, where my new home waited for me? He would say that it is no place at all, but a short box of an alley. Two rows of three-story tenements are its sides, a stingy strip of sky is its lid, a littered pavement is the floor, and a narrow mouth its exit.

But I saw a very different picture on my introduction to Union Place. I saw two imposing rows of brick buildings, loftier than any dwelling I had ever lived in. Brick was even on the ground for me to tread on, instead of common earth or boards. Many friendly windows stood open, filled with uncovered heads of women and children. I thought the people were interested in us, which was very neighborly. I looked up to the topmost row of windows, and my eyes were filled with the May blue of an American sky!

In our days of affluence in Russia we had been accustomed to upholstered parlors, embroidered linen, silver spoons and candlesticks, goblets of gold, kitchen shelves shining with copper and brass. We had feather-beds heaped halfway to the ceiling; we had clothes presses dusky with velvet and silk and fine woolen. The three small rooms into which my father now ushered us, up one flight of stairs, contained only the necessary beds, with lean mattresses; a few wooden chairs; a table or two; a mysterious iron structure, which later turned out to be a stove; a couple of unornamental kerosene lamps; and a scanty array of cooking-utensils and crockery. And yet we were all impressed with our new home and its furniture. It was not only because we had just passed through our seven lean years, cooking in earthen vessels, eating black bread on holidays and wearing cotton; it was chiefly because these wooden chairs and tin pans were American chairs and pans that they shone glorious in our eyes. And if there was anything lacking for comfort or decoration we expected it to be presently supplied--at least, we children did. Perhaps my mother alone, of us newcomers, appreciated the shabbiness of the little apartment, and realized that for her there was as yet no laying down of the burden of poverty.

Our initiation into American ways began with the first step on the new soil. My father found occasion to instruct or correct us even on the way

from the pier to Wall Street, which journey we made crowded together in a rickety cab. He told us not to lean out of the windows, not to point, and explained the word "greenhorn." We did not want to be "greenhorns," and gave the strictest attention to my father's instructions. I do not know when my parents found opportunity to review together the history of Polotzk in the three years past, for we children had no patience with the subject; my mother's narrative was constantly interrupted by irrelevant questions, interjections, and explanations.

The first meal was an object lesson of much variety. My father produced several kinds of food, ready to eat, without any cooking, from little tin cans that had printing all over them. He attempted to introduce us to a queer, slippery kind of fruit, which he called "banana," but had to give it up for the time being. After the meal, he had better luck with a curious piece of furniture on runners, which he called "rocking-chair." There were five of us newcomers, and we found five different ways of getting into the American machine of perpetual motion, and as many ways of getting out of it. One born and bred to the use of a rocking-chair cannot imagine how ludicrous people can make themselves when attempting to use it for the first time. We laughed immoderately over our various experiments with the novelty, which was a wholesome way of letting off steam after the unusual excitement of the day.

In our flat we did not think of such a thing as storing the coal in the bathtub. There was no bathtub. So in the evening of the first day my father conducted us to the public baths. As we moved along in a little procession, I was delighted with the illumination of the streets. So many lamps, and they burned until morning, my father said, and so people did not need to carry lanterns. In America, then, everything was free, as we had heard in Russia. Light was free; the streets were as bright as a synagogue on a holy day. Music was free; we had been serenaded, to our gaping delight, by a brass band of many pieces, soon after our installation on Union Place.

Education was free. That subject my father had written about repeatedly, as comprising his chief hope for us children, the essence of American opportunity, the treasure that no thief could touch, not even misfortune or poverty. It was the one thing that he was able to promise us when he sent for us; surer, safer than bread or shelter. On our second day I was thrilled with the realization of what this freedom of education meant. A little girl from across the alley came and offered to conduct us to school. My father was out, but we five between us had a few words of English by this time. We knew the word school. We understood. This child, who had never seen us till yesterday, who could not pronounce our names, who was not much better dressed than we, was able to offer us the freedom of the schools of Boston! No application made, no questions asked, no examinations, rulings, exclusions; no machinations, no fees.

The doors stood open for every one of us. The smallest child could show us the way.

This incident impressed me more than anything I had heard in advance of the freedom of education in America. It was a concrete proof--almost the thing itself. One had to experience it to understand it.

It was a great disappointment to be told by my father that we were not to enter upon our school career at once. It was too near the end of the term, he said, and we were going to move to Crescent Beach in a week or so. We had to wait until the opening of the schools in September. What a loss of precious time--from May till September!

Not that the time was really lost. Even the interval on Union Place was crowded with lessons and experiences. We had to visit the stores and be dressed from head to foot in American clothing; we had to learn the mysteries of the iron stove, the washboard, and the speaking-tube; we had to learn to trade with the fruit peddler through the window, and not to be afraid of the policeman; and, above all, we had to learn English.

The kind people who assisted us in these important matters form a group by themselves in the gallery of my friends. If I had never seen them from those early days till now, I should still have remembered them with gratitude. When I enumerate the long list of American teachers, I must begin with those who came to us on Wall Street and taught us our first steps. To my mother, in her perplexity over the cookstove, the woman who showed her how to make the fire was an angel of deliverance. A fairy godmother to us children was she who led us to a wonderful country called "uptown," where in a dazzlingly beautiful palace called a "department store," we exchanged our hateful homemade European costumes, which pointed us out as "greenhorns" to the children on the street, for real American machine-made garments, and issued forth glorified in each other's eyes.

With our despised immigrant clothing we shed also our impossible Hebrew names. A committee of our friends, several years ahead of us in American experience, put their heads together and concocted American names for us all. Those of our real names that had no pleasing American equivalents they ruthlessly discarded, content if they retained the initials. My mother, possessing a name that was not easily translatable, was punished with the undignified nickname of Annie. Fetchke, Joseph, and Deborah issued as Frieda, Joseph, and Dora, respectively. As for poor me, I was simply cheated. The name they gave me was hardly new. My Hebrew name being Maryashe in full, Mashke for short, Russianized into Marya (_Mar-ya_) my friends said that it would hold good in English as _Mary_; which was very disappointing, as I longed to possess a strange-sounding American name like the others.

I am forgetting the consolation I had, in this matter of names, from the use of my surname, which I have had no occasion to mention until now. I found on my arrival that my father was "Mr. Antin" on the slightest provocation, and not, as in Polotzk, on state occasions alone. And so I was "Mary Antin," and I felt very important to answer to such a dignified title. It was just like America that even plain people should wear their surnames on week days.

As a family we were so diligent under instruction, so adaptable, and so clever in hiding our deficiencies, that when we made the journey to Crescent Beach, in the wake of our small wagon-load of household goods, my father had very little occasion to admonish us on the way, and I am sure he was not ashamed of us. So much we had achieved toward our Americanization during the two weeks since our landing.

Crescent Beach is a name that is printed in very small type on the maps of the environs of Boston, but a life-size strip of sand curves from Winthrop to Lynn; and that is historic ground in the annals of my family. The place is now a popular resort for holiday crowds, and is famous under the name of Revere Beach. When the reunited Antins made their stand there, however, there were no boulevards, no stately bath-houses, no hotels, no gaudy amusement places, no illuminations, no showmen, no tawdry rabble. There was only the bright clean sweep of sand, the summer sea, and the summer sky. At high tide the whole Atlantic rushed in, tossing the seaweeds in his mane; at low tide he rushed out, growling and gnashing his granite teeth. Between tides a baby might play on the beach, digging with pebbles and shells, till it lay asleep on the sand. The whole sun shone by day, troops of stars by night, and the great moon in its season.

Into this grand cycle of the seaside day I came to live and learn and play. A few people came with me, as I have already intimated; but the main thing was that I came to live on the edge of the sea--I, who had spent my life inland, believing that the great waters of the world were spread out before me in the Dvina. My idea of the human world had grown enormously during the long journey; my idea of the earth had expanded with every day at sea, my idea of the world outside the earth now budded and swelled during my prolonged experience of the wide and unobstructed heavens.

Not that I got any inkling of the conception of a multiple world. I had had no lessons in cosmogony, and I had no spontaneous revelation of the true position of the earth in the universe. For me, as for my fathers, the sun set and rose, and I did not feel the earth rushing through space. But I lay stretched out in the sun, my eyes level with the sea, till I seemed to be absorbed bodily by the very materials of the world

around me; till I could not feel my hand as separate from the warm sand in which it was buried. Or I crouched on the beach at full moon, wondering, wondering, between the two splendors of the sky and the sea. Or I ran out to meet the incoming storm, my face full in the wind, my being a-tingle with an awesome delight to the tips of my fog-matted locks flying behind; and stood clinging to some stake or upturned boat, shaken by the roar and rumble of the waves. So clinging, I pretended that I was in danger, and was deliciously frightened; I held on with both hands, and shook my head, exulting in the tumult around me, equally ready to laugh or sob. Or else I sat, on the stillest days, with my back to the sea, not looking at all, but just listening to the rustle of the waves on the sand; not thinking at all, but just breathing with the sea.

Thus courting the influence of sea and sky and variable weather, I was bound to have dreams, hints, imaginings. It was no more than this, perhaps: that the world as I knew it was not large enough to contain all that I saw and felt; that the thoughts that flashed through my mind, not half understood, unrelated to my utterable thoughts, concerned something for which I had as yet no name. Every imaginative growing child has these flashes of intuition, especially one that becomes intimate with some one aspect of nature. With me it was the growing time, that idle summer by the sea, and I grew all the faster because I had been so cramped before. My mind, too, had so recently been worked upon by the impressive experience of a change of country that I was more than commonly alive to impressions, which are the seeds of ideas.

Let no one suppose that I spent my time entirely, or even chiefly, in inspired solitude. By far the best part of my day was spent in play--frank, hearty, boisterous play, such as comes natural to American children. In Polotzk I had already begun to be considered too old for play, excepting set games or organized frolics. Here I found myself included with children who still played, and I willingly returned to childhood. There were plenty of playfellows. My father's energetic little partner had a little wife and a large family. He kept them in the little cottage next to ours; and that the shanty survived the tumultuous presence of that brood is a wonder to me to-day. The young Wilners included an assortment of boys, girls, and twins, of every possible variety of age, size, disposition, and sex. They swarmed in and out of the cottage all day long, wearing the door-sill hollow, and trampling the ground to powder. They swung out of windows like monkeys, slid up the roof like flies, and shot out of trees like fowls. Even a small person like me couldn't go anywhere without being run over by a Wilner; and I could never tell which Wilner it was because none of them ever stood still long enough to be identified; and also because I suspected that they were in the habit of interchanging conspicuous articles of clothing, which was very confusing.

You would suppose that the little mother must have been utterly lost, bewildered, trodden down in this horde of urchins; but you are mistaken. Mrs. Wilner was a positively majestic little person. She ruled her brood with the utmost coolness and strictness. She had even the biggest boy under her thumb, frequently under her palm. If they enjoyed the wildest freedom outdoors, indoors the young Wilners lived by the clock. And so at five o'clock in the evening, on seven days in the week, my father's partner's children could be seen in two long rows around the supper table. You could tell them apart on this occasion, because they all had their faces washed. And this is the time to count them: there are twelve little Wilners at table.

I managed to retain my identity in this multitude somehow, and while I was very much impressed with their numbers, I even dared to pick and choose my friends among the Wilners. One or two of the smaller boys I liked best of all, for a game of hide-and-seek or a frolic on the beach. We played in the water like ducks, never taking the trouble to get dry. One day I waded out with one of the boys, to see which of us dared go farthest. The tide was extremely low, and we had not wet our knees when we began to look back to see if familiar objects were still in sight. I thought we had been wading for hours, and still the water was so shallow and quiet. My companion was marching straight ahead, so I did the same. Suddenly a swell lifted us almost off our feet, and we clutched at each other simultaneously. There was a lesser swell, and little waves began to run, and a sigh went up from the sea. The tide was turning--perhaps a storm was on the way--and we were miles, dreadful miles from dry land.

Boy and girl turned without a word, four determined bare legs ploughing through the water, four scared eyes straining toward the land. Through an eternity of toil and fear they kept dumbly on, death at their heels, pride still in their hearts. At last they reach high-water mark--six hours before full tide.

Each has seen the other afraid, and each rejoices in the knowledge. But only the boy is sure of his tongue.

"You was scared, warn't you?" he taunts.

The girl understands so much, and is able to reply:

"You can schwimmen, I not."

"Betcher life I can schwimmen," the other mocks.

And the girl walks off, angry and hurt.

"An' I can walk on my hands," the tormentor calls after her. "Say, you greenhorn, why don'tcher look?"

The girl keeps straight on, vowing that she would never walk with that rude boy again, neither by land nor sea, not even though the waters should part at his bidding.

I am forgetting the more serious business which had brought us to Crescent Beach. While we children disported ourselves like mermaids and mermen in the surf, our respective fathers dispensed cold lemonade, hot peanuts, and pink popcorn, and piled up our respective fortunes, nickel by nickel, penny by penny. I was very proud of my connection with the public life of the beach. I admired greatly our shining soda fountain, the rows of sparkling glasses, the pyramids of oranges, the sausage chains, the neat white counter, and the bright array of tin spoons. It seemed to me that none of the other refreshment stands on the beach--there were a few--were half so attractive as ours. I thought my father looked very well in a long white apron and shirt sleeves. He dished out ice cream with enthusiasm, so I supposed he was getting rich. It never occurred to me to compare his present occupation with the position for which he had been originally destined; or if I thought about it, I was just as well content, for by this time I had by heart my father's saying, "America is not Polotzk." All occupations were respectable, all men were equal, in America.

If I admired the soda fountain and the sausage chains, I almost worshipped the partner, Mr. Wilner. I was content to stand for an hour at a time watching him make potato chips. In his cook's cap and apron, with a ladle in his hand and a smile on his face, he moved about with the greatest agility, whisking his raw materials out of nowhere, dipping into his bubbling kettle with a flourish, and bringing forth the finished product with a caper. Such potato chips were not to be had anywhere else on Crescent Beach. Thin as tissue paper, crisp as dry snow, and salt as the sea--such thirst-producing, lemonade-selling, nickel-bringing potato chips only Mr. Wilner could make. On holidays, when dozens of family parties came out by every train from town, he could hardly keep up with the demand for his potato chips. And with a waiting crowd around him our partner was at his best. He was as voluble as he was skilful, and as witty as he was voluble; at least so I guessed from the laughter that frequently drowned his voice. I could not understand his jokes, but if I could get near enough to watch his lips and his smile and his merry eyes, I was happy. That any one could talk so fast, and in English, was marvel enough, but that this prodigy should belong to our establishment was a fact to thrill me. I had never seen anything like Mr. Wilner, except a wedding jester; but then he spoke common Yiddish. So proud was I of the talent and good taste displayed at our stand that if my father beckoned to me in the crowd and sent me on

an errand, I hoped the people noticed that I, too, was connected with the establishment.

And all this splendor and glory and distinction came to a sudden end. There was some trouble about a license--some fee or fine--there was a storm in the night that damaged the soda fountain and other fixtures--there was talk and consultation between the houses of Antin and Wilner--and the promising partnership was dissolved. No more would the merry partner gather the crowd on the beach; no more would the twelve young Wilners gambol like mermen and mermaids in the surf. And the less numerous tribe of Antin must also say farewell to the jolly seaside life; for men in such humble business as my father's carry their families, along with their other earthly goods, wherever they go, after the manner of the gypsies. We had driven a feeble stake into the sand. The jealous Atlantic, in conspiracy with the Sunday law, had torn it out. We must seek our luck elsewhere.

In Polotzk we had supposed that "America" was practically synonymous with "Boston." When we landed in Boston, the horizon was pushed back, and we annexed Crescent Beach. And now, espying other lands of promise, we took possession of the province of Chelsea, in the name of our necessity.

In Chelsea, as in Boston, we made our stand in the wrong end of the town. Arlington Street was inhabited by poor Jews, poor Negroes, and a sprinkling of poor Irish. The side streets leading from it were occupied by more poor Jews and Negroes. It was a proper locality for a man without capital to do business. My father rented a tenement with a store in the basement. He put in a few barrels of flour and of sugar, a few boxes of crackers, a few gallons of kerosene, an assortment of soap of the "save the coupon" brands; in the cellar a few barrels of potatoes, and a pyramid of kindling-wood; in the showcase, an alluring display of penny candy. He put out his sign, with a gilt-lettered warning of "Strictly Cash," and proceeded to give credit indiscriminately. That was the regular way to do business on Arlington Street. My father, in his three years' apprenticeship, had learned the tricks of many trades. He knew when and how to "bluff." The legend of "Strictly Cash" was a protection against notoriously irresponsible customers; while none of the "good" customers, who had a record for paying regularly on Saturday, hesitated to enter the store with empty purses.

If my father knew the tricks of the trade, my mother could be counted on to throw all her talent and tact into the business. Of course she had no English yet, but as she could perform the acts of weighing, measuring, and mental computation of fractions mechanically, she was able to give her whole attention to the dark mysteries of the language, as intercourse with her customers gave her opportunity. In this she made

such rapid progress that she soon lost all sense of disadvantage, and conducted herself behind the counter very much as if she were back in her old store in Polotzk. It was far more cozy than Polotzk--at least, so it seemed to me; for behind the store was the kitchen, where, in the intervals of slack trade, she did her cooking and washing. Arlington Street customers were used to waiting while the storekeeper salted the soup or rescued a loaf from the oven.

Once more Fortune favored my family with a thin little smile, and my father, in reply to a friendly inquiry, would say, "One makes a living," with a shrug of the shoulders that added "but nothing to boast of." It was characteristic of my attitude toward bread-and-butter matters that this contented me, and I felt free to devote myself to the conquest of my new world. Looking back to those critical first years, I see myself always behaving like a child let loose in a garden to play and dig and chase the butterflies. Occasionally, indeed, I was stung by the wasp of family trouble; but I knew a healing ointment--my faith in America. My father had come to America to make a living. America, which was free and fair and kind, must presently yield him what he sought. I had come to America to see a new world, and I followed my own ends with the utmost assiduity; only, as I ran out to explore, I would look back to see if my house were in order behind me--if my family still kept its head above water.

In after years, when I passed as an American among Americans, if I was suddenly made aware of the past that lay forgotten,--if a letter from Russia, or a paragraph in the newspaper, or a conversation overheard in the street-car, suddenly reminded me of what I might have been,--I thought it miracle enough that I, Mashke, the granddaughter of Raphael the Russian, born to a humble destiny, should be at home in an American metropolis, be free to fashion my own life, and should dream my dreams in English phrases. But in the beginning my admiration was spent on more concrete embodiments of the splendors of America; such as fine houses, gay shops, electric engines and apparatus, public buildings, illuminations, and parades. My early letters to my Russian friends were filled with boastful descriptions of these glories of my new country. No native citizen of Chelsea took such pride and delight in its institutions as I did. It required no fife and drum corps, no Fourth of July procession, to set me tingling with patriotism. Even the common agents and instruments of municipal life, such as the letter carrier and the fire engines, I regarded with a measure of respect. I know what I thought of people who said that Chelsea was a very small, dull, unambitious town, with no discernible excuse for a separate name or existence.

The apex of my civic pride and personal contentment was reached on the bright September morning when I entered the public school. That day I

must always remember, even if I live to be so old that I cannot tell my name. To most people their first day at school is a memorable occasion. In my case the importance of the day was a hundred times magnified, on account of the years I had waited, the road I had come, and the conscious ambitions I entertained.

I am wearily aware that I am speaking in extreme figures, in superlatives. I wish I knew some other way to render the mental life of the immigrant child of reasoning age. I may have been ever so much an exception in acuteness of observation, powers of comparison, and abnormal self-consciousness; none the less were my thoughts and conduct typical of the attitude of the intelligent immigrant child toward American institutions. And what the child thinks and feels is a reflection of the hopes, desires, purposes of the parent who brought him overseas, no matter how precocious and independent the child may be. Your immigrant inspectors will tell you what poverty the foreigner brings in his baggage, what want in his pockets. Let the overgrown boy of twelve, reverently drawing his letters in the baby class, testify to the noble dreams and high ideals that may be hidden beneath the greasy caftan of the immigrant. Speaking for the Jews, at least, I know I am safe in inviting such an investigation.

Who were my companions on my first day at school? Whose hand was in mine, as I stood, overcome with awe, by the teacher's desk, and whispered my name as my father prompted? Was it Frieda's steady, capable hand? Was it her loyal heart that throbbed, beat for beat with mine, as it had done through all our childish adventures? Frieda's heart did throb that day, but not with my emotions. My heart pulsed with joy and pride and ambition; in her heart longing fought with abnegation. For I was led to the schoolroom, with its sunshine and its singing and the teacher's cheery smile; while she was led to the workshop, with its foul air, care-lined faces, and the foreman's stern command. Our going to school was the fulfilment of my father's best promises to us, and Frieda's share in it was to fashion and fit the calico frocks in which the baby sister and I made our first appearance in a public schoolroom.

I remember to this day the gray pattern of the calico, so affectionately did I regard it as it hung upon the wall--my consecration robe awaiting the beatific day. And Frieda, I am sure, remembers it, too, so longingly did she regard it as the crisp, starchy breadths of it slid between her fingers. But whatever were her longings, she said nothing of them; she bent over the sewing-machine humming an Old-World melody. In every straight, smooth seam, perhaps, she tucked away some lingering impulse of childhood; but she matched the scrolls and flowers with the utmost care. If a sudden shock of rebellion made her straighten up for an instant, the next instant she was bending to adjust a ruffle to the best advantage. And when the momentous day arrived, and the little

sister and I stood up to be arrayed, it was Frieda herself who patted and smoothed my stiff new calico; who made me turn round and round, to see that I was perfect; who stooped to pull out a disfiguring basting-thread. If there was anything in her heart besides sisterly love and pride and good-will, as we parted that morning, it was a sense of loss and a woman's acquiescence in her fate; for we had been close friends, and now our ways would lie apart. Longing she felt, but no envy. She did not grudge me what she was denied. Until that morning we had been children together, but now, at the fiat of her destiny she became a woman, with all a woman's cares; whilst I, so little younger than she, was bidden to dance at the May festival of untroubled childhood.

I wish, for my comfort, that I could say that I had some notion of the difference in our lots, some sense of the injustice to her, of the indulgence to me. I wish I could even say that I gave serious thought to the matter. There had always been a distinction between us rather out of proportion to the difference in our years. Her good health and domestic instincts had made it natural for her to become my mother's right hand, in the years preceding the emigration, when there were no more servants or dependents. Then there was the family tradition that Mary was the quicker, the brighter of the two, and that hers could be no common lot. Frieda was relied upon for help, and her sister for glory. And when I failed as a milliner's apprentice, while Frieda made excellent progress at the dressmaker's, our fates, indeed, were sealed. It was understood, even before we reached Boston, that she would go to work and I to school. In view of the family prejudices, it was the inevitable course. No injustice was intended. My father sent us hand in hand to school, before he had ever thought of America. If, in America, he had been able to support his family unaided, it would have been the culmination of his best hopes to see all his children at school, with equal advantages at home. But when he had done his best, and was still unable to provide even bread and shelter for us all, he was compelled to make us children self-supporting as fast as it was practicable. There was no choosing possible; Frieda was the oldest, the strongest, the best prepared, and the only one who was of legal age to be put to work.

My father has nothing to answer for. He divided the world between his children in accordance with the laws of the country and the compulsion of his circumstances. I have no need of defending him. It is myself that I would like to defend, and I cannot. I remember that I accepted the arrangements made for my sister and me without much reflection, and everything that was planned for my advantage I took as a matter of course. I was no heartless monster, but a decidedly self-centered child. If my sister had seemed unhappy it would have troubled me; but I am ashamed to recall that I did not consider how little it was that contented her. I was so preoccupied with my own happiness that I did not

half perceive the splendid devotion of her attitude towards me, the sweetness of her joy in my good luck. She not only stood by approvingly when I was helped to everything; she cheerfully waited on me herself. And I took everything from her hand as if it were my due.

The two of us stood a moment in the doorway of the tenement house on Arlington Street, that wonderful September morning when I first went to school. It was I that ran away, on winged feet of joy and expectation; it was she whose feet were bound in the tread-mill of daily toil. And I was so blind that I did not see that the glory lay on her, and not on me.

* * * * *

Father himself conducted us to school. He would not have delegated that mission to the President of the United States. He had awaited the day with impatience equal to mine, and the visions he saw as he hurried us over the sun-flecked pavements transcended all my dreams. Almost his first act on landing on American soil, three years before, had been his application for naturalization. He had taken the remaining steps in the process with eager promptness, and at the earliest moment allowed by the law, he became a citizen of the United States. It is true that he had left home in search of bread for his hungry family, but he went blessing the necessity that drove him to America. The boasted freedom of the New World meant to him far more than the right to reside, travel, and work wherever he pleased; it meant the freedom to speak his thoughts, to throw off the shackles of superstition, to test his own fate, unhindered by political or religious tyranny. He was only a young man when he landed--thirty-two; and most of his life he had been held in leading-strings. He was hungry for his untasted manhood.

Three years passed in sordid struggle and disappointment. He was not prepared to make a living even in America, where the day laborer eats wheat instead of rye. Apparently the American flag could not protect him against the pursuing Nemesis of his limitations; he must expiate the sins of his fathers who slept across the seas. He had been endowed at birth with a poor constitution, a nervous, restless temperament, and an abundance of hindering prejudices. In his boyhood his body was starved, that his mind might be stuffed with useless learning. In his youth this dearly gotten learning was sold, and the price was the bread and salt which he had not been trained to earn for himself. Under the wedding canopy he was bound for life to a girl whose features were still strange to him; and he was bidden to multiply himself, that sacred learning might be perpetuated in his sons, to the glory of the God of his fathers. All this while he had been led about as a creature without a will, a chattel, an instrument. In his maturity he awoke, and found himself poor in health, poor in purse, poor in useful knowledge, and

hampered on all sides. At the first nod of opportunity he broke away from his prison, and strove to atone for his wasted youth by a life of useful labor; while at the same time he sought to lighten the gloom of his narrow scholarship by freely partaking of modern ideas. But his utmost endeavor still left him far from his goal. In business nothing prospered with him. Some fault of hand or mind or temperament led him to failure where other men found success. Wherever the blame for his disabilities be placed, he reaped their bitter fruit. "Give me bread!" he cried to America. "What will you do to earn it?" the challenge came back. And he found that he was master of no art, of no trade; that even his precious learning was of no avail, because he had only the most antiquated methods of communicating it.

So in his primary quest he had failed. There was left him the compensation of intellectual freedom. That he sought to realize in every possible way. He had very little opportunity to prosecute his education, which, in truth, had never been begun. His struggle for a bare living left him no time to take advantage of the public evening school; but he lost nothing of what was to be learned through reading, through attendance at public meetings, through exercising the rights of citizenship. Even here he was hindered by a natural inability to acquire the English language. In time, indeed, he learned to read, to follow a conversation or lecture; but he never learned to write correctly, and his pronunciation remains extremely foreign to this day.

If education, culture, the higher life were shining things to be worshipped from afar, he had still a means left whereby he could draw one step nearer to them. He could send his children to school, to learn all those things that he knew by fame to be desirable. The common school, at least, perhaps high school; for one or two, perhaps even college! His children should be students, should fill his house with books and intellectual company; and thus he would walk by proxy in the Elysian Fields of liberal learning. As for the children themselves, he knew no surer way to their advancement and happiness.

So it was with a heart full of longing and hope that my father led us to school on that first day. He took long strides in his eagerness, the rest of us running and hopping to keep up.

At last the four of us stood around the teacher's desk; and my father, in his impossible English, gave us over in her charge, with some broken word of his hopes for us that his swelling heart could no longer contain. I venture to say that Miss Nixon was struck by something uncommon in the group we made, something outside of Semitic features and the abashed manner of the alien. My little sister was as pretty as a doll, with her clear pink-and-white face, short golden curls, and eyes like blue violets when you caught them looking up. My brother might have

been a girl, too, with his cherubic contours of face, rich red color, glossy black hair, and fine eyebrows. Whatever secret fears were in his heart, remembering his former teachers, who had taught with the rod, he stood up straight and uncringing before the American teacher, his cap respectfully doffed. Next to him stood a starved-looking girl with eyes ready to pop out, and short dark curls that would not have made much of a wig for a Jewish bride.

All three children carried themselves rather better than the common run of "green" pupils that were brought to Miss Nixon. But the figure that challenged attention to the group was the tall, straight father, with his earnest face and fine forehead, nervous hands eloquent in gesture, and a voice full of feeling. This foreigner, who brought his children to school as if it were an act of consecration, who regarded the teacher of the primer class with reverence, who spoke of visions, like a man inspired, in a common schoolroom, was not like other aliens, who brought their children in dull obedience to the law; was not like the native fathers, who brought their unmanageable boys, glad to be relieved of their care. I think Miss Nixon guessed what my father's best English could not convey. I think she divined that by the simple act of delivering our school certificates to her he took possession of America.

NOTES

=The Promised Land=:--The land of freedom and peace which the Jews have hoped to attain. See Exodus, 3:8; 6:8; Genesis, 12:5-7; Deuteronomy, 8:7-10; Hebrews, 11:9.

=his three years of probation=:--Mary Antin's father had spent three years in America before sending back to Russia for his family.

=Polotzk=:--Pronounced P[=o]'lotsk; a town in Russia on the Dwina River.

=seven lean years=:--A reference to the famine in Egypt predicted by Joseph, Pharaoh's Hebrew favorite. See Genesis, 40.

=Dvina=:--The Düna or Dwina River, in Russia.

=originally destined=:--Mr. Antin's parents had intended him to be a scholar and teacher.

=Yiddish=:--From the German word jüdisch, meaning Jewish; a mixed language made up of German, Hebrew, and Russian words. It is generally spoken by Jews.

=Chelsea=:--A suburb of Boston.

=Nemesis=:--In Greek mythology, a goddess of vengeance or punishment for sins and errors.

=the sins of his fathers=:--See Exodus, 20:5; Numbers, 14:18; Deuteronomy, 5:9.

=Elysian fields=:--In Greek thought, the home of the happy dead.

=Semitic=:--Jewish; from the name of Shem, the son of Noah.

Active Games,

by Jessie H. Bancroft, from ibid

BLIND BELL

5 to 100 players.

Parlor; gymnasium; playground.

All the players but one are blindfolded and scatter promiscuously*. The one who is not blindfolded carries a bell loosely in one hand, so that it will ring with every step. If desired, this bell may be hung around the neck on a string or ribbon. The blindfolded players try to catch the one with the bell, who will have to use considerable alertness to keep out of the way. Whoever catches the bellman changes places with him.

Where there are over twenty players, there should be two or more bellmen. This is a capital game for an indoor party.

*Editor's note – this word also means “randomly”

CHINESE CHICKEN

5 to 30 or more players.

Playground; gymnasium; schoolroom; seashore.

This game is played with small blocks of wood or bean bags. Stones, or, at the seashore, bathing slippers, may be used instead. These are placed in straight rows of five to fifteen each, with intervals of about ten inches between them. The players are divided into groups numbering from five to ten each, and line up as for a relay race, each before one row of blocks or bags.

The game is played in the same way by each row of players, and while the game may be competitive between the different groups, in its original form it is for one group only. The first player in a group represents a "lame chicken," and hops on one foot over each bag until the end of the line of bags has been reached. The last bag is then kicked away by the "lame" (lifted) foot, after which it must be picked up and carried back over the same route to the first end of the line, when the same player hops back on the opposite foot, kicks away a second bag, picks it up and returns, and so on until he fails. Only one foot may touch the ground at a time, and may touch it but once in each space between the bags. No bag may be touched except the one at the end of the line, which is afterward picked up, and this must be

secured without putting the lame foot upon the ground.

When the "chicken" infringes any of these rules, he must at once give place to another. The winner is the player who has at the end of the game the greatest number of bags.

This is a Chinese game, taken by kind permission of the author from Miss Adèle Fielde's A Corner of Cathay. The Chinese children play it with their shoes in place of the bean bag or block of wood.

GARDEN SCAMP

10 to 30 or more players.

Playground; gymnasium; schoolroom; parlor.

This game is a great favorite with children, and may be made an opportunity for much sport with youths and older players.

All but two of the players form a ring by clasping hands, the inclosure serving as the garden. Within this one of the odd players who is assigned to be the scamp takes his place. The other odd player, the gardener, moves around on the outside of the circle.

The gardener calls to the scamp inside, "Who let you in my garden?" and the scamp answers, "No one!" whereupon he starts to run away, the gardener chasing him. The gardener must take the same path followed by the scamp in and out under the arms of the players, who must lift their hands to let them pass. The gardener must also go through all of the movements performed by the scamp, who may jump "leapfrog" over any player in the circle, turn somersaults, crawl between the legs of a circle player, double unexpectedly on his path, circle around one of the players, or resort to any other device for making the chase difficult. If the scamp be caught, he becomes gardener, and the gardener joins the circle. The former scamp, now gardener, chooses a new scamp to go into the circle.

Should the gardener fail to follow in the exact path of the scamp, or to perform any of the feats or antics of the scamp, the gardener must at once join the ring, and the scamp then has the privilege of choosing a new gardener.

Marie-Rosa Bonheur

by Dolores Bacon, from *Pictures Every Child Should Know*

PG EBook #6932 [Ed. Note: HTML version has the art plates]

(Pronounced Rosa Bon-er)

French School

1822-1895

Pupil of Raymond B. Bonheur

Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, and Murillo maybe called "Children's Painters" in this book because they painted things that children, as well as grown-ups, certainly can enjoy. To be sure, Murillo was a very different sort of artist from Rosa Bonheur or Landseer, but if the two latter painted the most beautiful, animals--dogs, sheep, and horses--Murillo painted the loveliest little children.

Rosa was the best pupil of her father; Raymond B. Bonheur. In Bordeaux they lived together the peaceful life of artists, the father being already a well known painter when his daughter was born. She became, as Mr. Hamerton, who knew her, said, "the most accomplished female painter who ever lived ... a pure, generous woman as well and can hardly be too much admired ... as a woman or an artist. She is simple in her tastes and habits of life and many stories are told of her generosity to others."

After a time the Bonheurs moved to Paris where young Rosa could have better opportunities; and there she put on man's clothing, which she wore all her life thereafter. She wore a workingman's blouse and trousers, and tramped about looking more like a man than a woman with her short hair. This, made everybody stare at her and think her very queer, but people no longer believe that she dressed herself thus in order to advertise herself and attract attention; but because it was the most convenient costume for her to get about in. She went to all sorts of places; the stockyards, slaughter houses, all about the streets of Paris, to learn of things and people, especially of animals, which she wished most to paint. She could hardly have gone about thus if she had worn women's clothing.

Rosa Bonheur exhibited her first painting at the _Salon_ in 1841, and this was twelve years before her beloved father died; thus he had the happiness of knowing that the daughter whom he had taught so lovingly was on the road to success and fortune. He knew that when fortune should come to her she would use it well. The year that she exhibited her work in the _Salon_ she painted only two little pictures--one of rabbits, the other of sheep and goats--but they were so splendidly done that all the critics knew a great woman artist had arrived.

It was then that her enemies, those who were becoming jealous of her work, said that she was wearing men's clothing in order to attract attention to herself.

Soon her work began to be bought by the French Government, which was a sure sign of her power. She was already much beloved by the people. In the meantime we in America and others in England had heard of Mademoiselle Bonheur, but we heard far less about her painting than we did about her masculine garb. We thought of her mostly as an eccentric woman; but one day came "The Horse Fair," and all the world heard of that, so the artist was to be no longer judged by the clothes she wore but by her art. Finally, she received the cross of the Legion of Honour, and also was made a member of the Institute of Antwerp.

She lived near Fontainebleau; her studio a peaceful retired home, till the Franco-Prussian war came about. Then she and others began to fear that her studio and pictures would be destroyed, so the artist was forced to stop her work and prepared to go elsewhere. But the Crown Prince of Prussia himself ordered that Mademoiselle Bonheur should not even be disturbed. Her work had made her belong to all the world and all the world was to protect her if need be.

Rosa Bonheur had a brother who, some critics said, was the better artist, but if that were true it is likely that his popularity would in some degree have approached that of his sister. Rosa Bonheur did not paint many large canvases, but mostly small ones, or only moderately large; but when she painted sheep it seems that one might shear the wool, it stands so fleecy and full; while her horses rampage and curvet, showing themselves off as if they were alive.

PLATE--THE HORSE FAIR

This picture was exhibited all over the world very nearly. It was carried to England and to America, and won admiration wherever it was seen. Finally it was sold in America. It was first exhibited in 1853, the year in which the artist's father died. Mr. Ernest Gambart was the first who bought the picture, and he wrote of it to his friend, Mr. S.P. Avery: "I will give you the real history of 'The Horse Fair,' now in New York. It was painted in 1852, by Rosa Bonheur, then in her thirtieth year, and exhibited in the next _Salon_. Though much admired it did not find a purchaser. It was soon after exhibited in Ghent, meeting again with much appreciation, but was not sold, as art did not flourish at the time. In 1855 the picture was sent by Rosa Bonheur to her native town of Bordeaux and exhibited there. She offered to sell

it to the town at the very low price 12,000 francs (\$2,400). While there, I asked her if she would sell it to me, and allow me to take it to England and have it engraved. She said: 'I wish to have my picture remain in France. I will once more impress on my countrymen, my wish to sell it to them for 12,000 francs. If they refuse, you can have it, but if you take it abroad, you must pay me 40,000 francs.' The town failing to make the purchase, I at once accepted these terms, and Rosa Bonheur then placed the picture at my disposal. I tendered her the 40,000 francs and she said: 'I am much gratified at your giving me such a noble price, but I do not like to feel that I have taken advantage of your liberality; let us see how we can combine in the matter. You will not be able to have an engraving made from so large a canvas. Suppose I paint you a small one from the same subject, of which I will make you a present.' Of course I accepted the gift, and thus it happened that the large work went travelling over the kingdom on exhibition, while Thomas Landseer was making an engraving from the quarter-size replica.

"After some time (in 1857 I think), I sold the original picture to Mr. William P. Wright, New York (whose picture gallery and residence were at Weehawken, N.J.), for the sum of 30,000 francs, but later I understood that Mr. Stewart paid a much larger price for it on the breaking up of Mr. Wright's gallery. The quarter size replica, from which the engraving was made, I finally sold to Mr. Jacob Bell, who gave it in 1859 to the nation, and it is now in the National Gallery, London. A second, still smaller replica, was painted a few years later, and was resold some time ago in London for £4,000 (\$20,000). There is also a smaller water-colour drawing which was sold to Mr. Bolckow for 2,500 guineas (\$12,000), and is now an heirloom belonging to the town of Middlesbrough. That is the whole history of this grand work. The Stewart canvas is the real and true original, and only large size 'Horse-Fair.'

"Once in Mr. Stewart's collection, it never left his gallery until the auction sale of his collection, March 25th, 1887, when it was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for the sum of \$55,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

And thus we have the whole story of the "Horse-Fair." The picture is 93-1/2 inches high, and 197 inches wide, and it contains a great number of horses, some of which are ridden, while others are led, and all are crowding with wild gaiety toward the fair where it is quite plain they know they are about to be admired and their beauty shown to the best advantage. Other well-known Rosa Bonheurs are "Ploughing," "Shepherd Guarding Sheep," "Highland Sheep," "Scotch Deer," "American Mustangs," and "The Study of a Lioness."

Outdoor Handicraft

by Lina Beard and Adelia Belle Beard, from *On the Trail, An Outdoor Book for Girls*
EBook #18525

=Camp Furnishings--Dressing-Table, Seats, Dining-Table, Cupboard, Broom, Chair, Racks, Birch-Bark Dishes, etc.=

Camp is the place where girls enjoy most proving their powers of resourcefulness.

It is fun to supply a want with the mere natural raw materials found in the open, and when you succeed in making a useful article of outdoor things, the entire camp takes a pride in your work and the simple but practical and usable production gives a hundred per cent more pleasure than could a store article manufactured for the same purpose.

Be comfortable at camp. While it is good to live simply in the open, it is also good to be comfortable in the open, and with experience you will be surprised to find what a delightful life can be lived at camp with but few belongings and the simplest of camp furnishings. These last can, in a great measure, be made of tree branches and the various stuffs found in the woods.

[Illustration: Handicraft in the woods.

Details of the outdoor dressing-table. Comb-racks of forked sticks and of split sticks.]

=Dressing-Table=

A near-by tree will furnish the substantial foundation for your dressing-table and wash-stand combined. If you can find a side-piece of a wooden box, use it for the shelf and fasten this shelf on the trunk of a tree about two and one-half feet or more above the ground. Cut two rustic braces and nail the front of the shelf on the top ends of these supports; then nail a strip of wood across the tree as a cleat on which to rest the back of the shelf; fit the shelf on the cleat and nail the lower ends of the braces to the tree; strengthen the work still more by driving a strong, long nail on each side of the top centre of the back of shelf, diagonally down through the shelf, cleat, and into the tree.

It is not essential that the straight shelf edge fit perfectly to the rounded tree, but if you desire to have it so, mark a semicircle on the wood of size to fit the tree and whittle it out.

Should there be no piece of box for your shelf, make the shelf of strong, slender sticks lashed securely close together on two side sticks. For cleats and braces use similar sticks described for board shelf.

When the shelf is made in this way, cover the top with birch bark or other bark to give a flat surface.

Hang your mirror on a nail in the tree at convenient distance above the shelf, and your tooth-brush on another nail. The towel may hang over the extending end of the cleat, and you can make a small bark dish for the soap. Your comb can rest on two forked-stick supports tacked on the tree, or two split-end sticks.

=Camp-Seats=

Stones, logs, stumps, raised outstanding roots of trees, and boxes, when obtainable, must be your outdoor chairs, stools, and seats until others can be made.

[Illustration: Outdoor dressing-table, camp-cupboard, hammock-frame, seat, and pot-hook.]

Two trees standing near together may be used to advantage as uprights for a camp seat. Cut a small horizontal kerf or notch at the same height on opposite sides of both trees, get two strong poles (green wood), fit them in the wedges and nail them to the trees; then lash them firmly in place. Be absolutely certain that these poles are of strong wood, firmly attached to the trees and not liable to slide or break.

Make the seat by lashing sticks across from pole to pole, placing them close together. Two more long poles, fastened to the trees at a proper distance above the seat, would give a straight back, if a back is desired, but it is not essential; with a folded blanket spread over it, the seat alone is a luxury.

=Camp-Table=

A table can be built in much the same way as the seat and will answer the purpose well if one of boards is not to be had. For the table make your crosspieces about twenty-two inches long, nail them ladder-like but close together on two poles, and make this table top flat on the surface by covering it with birch bark tacked on smoothly. Having previously fastened two other poles across from tree to tree, as you did when

making the seat, you can lift the table top and lay it on the two foundation poles; then bind it in place and the table will be finished. Another way of using the table top is to drive four strong, stout, forked sticks into the ground for the four table legs and place the table top across, resting the long side poles in the crotches of the stakes, where they may be lashed in place.

Benches for the table can be made in like manner, only have the forked-stick legs shorter, raising the seat about eighteen inches above the ground.

[Illustration: Camp-chair, biscuit-stick, and blanket camp-bed.]

=Camp-Cupboard=

A cupboard made of a wooden box by inserting shelves, held up by means of cleats, will be found very convenient when nailed to a tree near the cook-fire. Hang a door on the cupboard which will close tight and fasten securely. Have this in mind when making out your check list, and add hinges, with screws to fit, to your camp tools.

=Camp-Broom=

With a slender pole as a handle, hickory shoots, or twisted fibre of inner bark of slippery-elm, for twine, and a thick bunch of the top branchlets of balsam, spruce, hemlock, or pine for the brush part, you can make a broom by binding the heavy ends of the branches tight to an encircling groove cut on the handle some three inches from the end. Cut the bottom of the brush even and straight.

=Camp-Chair=

If you have a good-size length of canvas or other strong cloth, make a camp-chair. For the back use two strong, forked stakes standing upright, and use two long poles with branching stubs at equal distance from the bottom, for the sides and front legs of the chair; in the crotches of these stubs the bottom stick on which the canvas strip is fastened will rest.

Each side pole must be fitted into one of the forked high-back stakes, and then the top stick on the canvas strip must be placed in the same crotches, but in front of and resting against the side poles, thus locking the side poles firmly in place.

To fasten the canvas on the two sticks, cut one stick to fit across the chair-back and the other to fit across the lower front stubs. Fold one end of the canvas strip over one stick and nail the canvas on it, so arranging the cloth that the row of nails will come on the under side of the stick. Turn in the edge first that the nails may go through the double thickness of cloth. Adjust this canvas-covered stick to the top of the chair, allowing the cloth to form a loose hanging seat; measure the length needed for back and seat, cut it off and nail the loose end of the canvas strip to the other stick; then fit one stick in the top of the upright back stakes and the other stick in the bottom stubs.

=Camp Clothes-Press=

If you are in a tent tie a hanging pole from the tent ridge-pole, and use it as a clothes-press.

=Blanket Bed=

Two short logs will be required for your blanket bed, the thicker the better, one for the head and one for the foot, also two long, strong, green-wood poles, one for each side of the bed; your blanket will be the mattress.

Fold the blanket, making the seam, formed by bringing the two ends together, run on the under-side along the centre of the doubled blanket, not on the edge. Lap and fasten the blanket ends together with large horse-blanket safety-pins, and with the same kind of pins make a case on each side of the blanket fold; then run one of the poles through each case. Chop a notch near each end of the two short logs; in these notches place the ends of the poles and nail them securely. Have the short logs thick enough to raise the bed up a few inches from the ground, and make the notches sufficiently far apart to stretch the mattress out smooth, not have it sag. A strip of canvas or khaki may be used in place of the blanket if preferred.

=Camp Hammock=

By lashing short crosspieces to the head and foot of the side poles the blanket mattress can be a hammock and swing between two trees, having been attached to them with rope or straps of slippery-elm, beech, or black birch.

=Birch-Bark Dishes=

It will be easy for girls to make their birch-bark dinner plates, vegetable dishes, baskets, dippers, etc. Soften the thick bark by soaking it in water; when it is pliable cut one plate the size you wish, lay it on a flat stone or other hard substance and scrape off the outside bark around the edges, allowing the outer bark to remain on the bottom of the plate to give greater strength; use this plate as a guide in cutting each of the others.

With your fingers shape the edges of the plates in an upward turn while the bark is wet, using the smoothest side for the inside of the plate.

A large bark cornucopia with bark strap-handle can be made and carried on the arm in place of a basket when off berrying.

Variations of circular, oblong, and rectangular bark dishes may be worked out from strips and rectangular pieces of birch bark, and all dishes can be turned into baskets by adding handles. When necessary to sew the edges of bark together, always have the bark wet and soft; then lap the edges and use a very coarse darning-needle with twine of inner-bark fibre or rootlets; have ready hot melted grease mixed with spruce gum to coat over the stitching and edges of the article, or you can use white-birch resin for the same purpose.

The bark utensils will wear longer if a slender rootlet or branchlet of pliable wood is sewed, with the "over-and-over" stitch, to the edge of the article.

For round and oblong dishes or baskets, sew together the two ends of your strip of wet bark; then sew the round or oblong bottom on the lower edge of the bark circle. In this case it is not easy to lap the edges, simply bring them together and finish the seam with the addition of the slender rootlet binding.

Rectangular dishes are made by folding the wet bark according to the diagrams and fastening the folds near the top of both ends of the receptacle. These will hold liquids.

[Illustration: The birch-bark dish that will hold fluids. Details of making.]

=Cooking Utensils=

A forked stick with points sharpened makes a fine toasting-fork or broiling-stick for bacon or other small pieces of meat. The meat is stuck on the two prongs and held over the fire.

A split-end stick may be used for the same purpose by wedging the bacon in between the two sides of the split.

Your rolling-pin can be a peeled, straight, smooth, round stick, and a similar stick, not necessarily straight but longer, may do duty as a biscuit baker when a strip of dough is wound spirally around it and held over the fire.

A hot flat stone can also be used for baking biscuits, and a large flat-topped rock makes a substitute for table and bread-board combined.

If you have canned goods, save every tin can when empty, melt off the top, and with nail and hammer puncture a hole on two opposite sides near the top, and fasten in a rootlet handle. These cans make very serviceable and useful cooking-pails.

Whittle out a long-handled cake-turner from a piece of thin split wood, and also whittle out a large flat fork.

Make a number of pot-hooks of different lengths, they are constantly needed at camp; select strong green sticks with a crotch on one end and drive a nail slantingly into the wood near the bottom of the stick on which to hang kettles, pots, etc. Be sure to have the nail turn up and the short side of the crotch turn down as in diagram.

Campers employ various methods of making candlesticks. One method is to lash a candle to the side of the top of a stake driven into the ground, or the stake can have a split across the centre of the top, and the candle held upright by a strip of bark wedged in the split with a loop on one side holding the candle and the two ends of the bark extending out beyond the other side of the stake. Again the candle is stuck into a little mound of clay, mud, or wet sand. If you have an old glass bottle, crack off the bottom by pouring a little water in the bottle and placing it for a short while on the fire embers; then plant your candle in the ground and slide the neck of the bottle over the candle. Steady it by planting the neck of the bottle a little way in the ground and the glass bottle will act as a windbreak for your candle.

Never leave a candle burning even for a moment unless some one is present; it is a dangerous experiment. Fire cannot be trifled with. _Put out_ your candle before leaving it.

A good idea before going away from camp when vacation is over is to photograph all the different pieces of your outdoor handicraft, and when the prints are made label each one with the month, date, and year and state material used, time required in the making, and comments on the

work by other camp members.

Be sure to take photographs of different views of the camp as a whole, also of each separate shelter, both the outside and the inside, and have pictures of all camp belongings.

The authors will be greatly interested in seeing these.

[Note: as this was first published in 1915, the authors died long ago.]

The Weekly Herald

by Ruthe Wheeler, Chapter 1 of *Helen in the Editor's Chair*
PG eBook #42015

Thursday!

Press day!

Helen Blair anxiously watched the clock on the wall of the assembly room. Five more minutes and school would be dismissed for the day. How those minutes dragged. She moved her books impatiently.

Finally the dismissal bell sounded. Helen straightened the books in her desk and, with the 162 others in the large assembly of the Rolfe High School, rose and marched down to the cloak room. She was glad that school was over for, to her, Thursday was the big day of the week.

Press day!

What magic lay in those two words.

By supper time the Rolfe Herald would be in every home in town and, when families sat down to their evening meal, they would have the paper beside them.

Helen's father, Hugh Blair, was the editor and publisher of the Herald. Her brother, Tom, a junior in high school, wrote part of the news and operated the Linotype, while Helen helped in the office every night after school and on Saturdays.

On Thursday her work comprised folding the papers as they came off the clanking press. Her arms ached long before her task was done, but she prided herself on the neatness of the stacks of papers that grew as she worked.

"Aren't you going to stay for the final sophomore debate tryouts?" asked Margaret Stevens. Margaret, daughter of the only doctor in Rolfe, lived across the street from the Blairs.

"Not this afternoon," smiled Helen, "this is press day."

"I'd forgotten," laughed Margaret. "All right, hurry along and get your hands covered with ink."

"Come over after supper and tell me about the tryouts," said Helen.

"I will," promised Margaret as she turned to the classroom where the tryouts were to be held.

The air was warm and Helen, with her spring coat over her arm, hurried from the high school building and started down the long hill that led to the main street.

Rolfe was a pretty midwestern village tucked away among the hills bordering Lake Dubar, a long, narrow body of water that attracted summer visitors from hundreds of miles away.

The main street, built along a valley that opened out on the lake shore, was a broad, graveled street, flanked by a miscellaneous collection of stores and shops. Some of them were of weather-beaten red brick, others were of frame and a few of them, harking back to pioneer days, had false fronts. In the afternoon sun, it presented a quiet, friendly scene.

Helen reached the foot of the school house hill and turned on to the main street. On the right of the street and just two blocks from the lake shore stood the one-story frame structure housing the postoffice and her father's printing plant. The postoffice occupied the front half of the building and the _Herald_ office was the rear.

Helen walked down the alleyway between the postoffice and the Temple furniture store. She heard the noise of the press before she reached the office and knew that her father had started the afternoon run.

The _Herald_, an eight page paper, used four pages of ready print and four pages of home print. Each week's supply of paper was shipped from Cranston, where four pages filled with prepared news and pictures, were printed. The other four, carrying local advertisements and news of Rolfe and vicinity were printed on the aged press in the _Herald_ office.

Helen hurried up the three steps leading to the editorial office. Its one unwashed window shut out the sunlight, and the office lay in a semi-shadow. Unable to see clearly after the brightness of the sunlight, she did not see her father at his desk when she entered the office.

"Hello, Dad," she called as she took off her tam and sailed it along the counter where it finally came to rest against a stack of freshly printed _Heralds_.

Her father did not answer and Helen was on the point of going on into the composing room when she turned toward him. His head still rested on his arms and he gave no sign of having heard her.

Concerned over his silence, she hurried to his desk.

"Dad, Dad!" she cried. "What's the matter! Answer me!"

Her father's head moved and he looked up at her. His face was pale and there were dark hollows under his eyes.

"I'm all right, Helen," he said, but the usual smile was missing. "Just felt a little faint and came in here to take a few minutes rest. I'll be all right shortly. You go on and help Tom. I'll be with you in a while."

"But if you don't feel well, Dad, you'd better go home and rest," insisted Helen. "You know Tom and I can finish getting out the paper. Now you run along and don't worry about things at the office."

She reached for his hat and coat hanging on a hook at one side of the desk. He remonstrated at the prospect of going home with the work only half done, but Helen was adamant and her father finally gave in.

"Perhaps it will be best," he agreed as he walked slowly toward the door.

Helen watched him descend the steps; then saw him reach the street and turn toward home.

She was startled by the expression she had just seen on her father's face. He had never been particularly robust and now he looked as though something had come upon him which was crushing his mind and body. Illness, worry and apprehension had carved lines in his face that afternoon.

Helen went into the composing room where the Linotype, the rows of type cases, the makeup tables, the job press and the newspaper press were located. At the back end of the room was the large press, moving steadily back and forth as Tom, perched on a high stool, fed sheets of paper into one end. From the other came the freshly printed papers of that week's edition of the Herald.

"Shut off the press," called Helen, shouting to make herself heard above the noise of the working machinery.

"What say?" cried Tom.

"Shut it off," his sister replied.

Tom scowled as he reached for the clutch to stop the press. He liked nothing better than running the press and when he had it well under way, usually printed the whole edition without a stop unless the paper became

clogged or he had to readjust the ink rollers.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "I'm trying to get through so I can play some baseball before dark."

"Dad's sick," explained Helen, "and I made him go home. Do you know what's the matter?"

"Gosh, no," said Tom as he climbed down from his stool. "He wasn't feeling very well when I came down from school and said he was going in the office to rest, but I didn't know he felt that badly."

"Well, he did," replied Helen, "and I'm worried about him."

"We always take him more or less for granted. He goes on year after year working in the office, getting enough together to make us all comfortable and hoping that he can send us to college some day. We help him when we can, but he plugs away day after day and I've noticed lately that he hasn't been very perky. Mother has been worried, too. I can tell from the way she acts when Dad comes home at night. She's always asking him how he feels and urging him to get to bed early. I tell you, Tom, something's wrong with Dad and we've got to find out and help him."

"Let's go get Doctor Stevens right now," said the impetuous Tom, and he reached to shut off the motor of the press.

"Not now," said Helen. "If Dad thought we weren't getting the paper out on time he'd worry all the more. We'll finish the paper and then have Doctor Stevens come over this evening. We can fix it so he'll just drop in for a social call."

"Good idea," said Tom as he climbed back on his stool and threw in the clutch.

The press started its steady clanking and Helen picked up a pile of papers and spread them out on one of the makeup stones. Her father had printed two of the pages of home news during the morning and these sheets were stacked in a pile in one corner. She arranged two piles of papers on the makeup table, one pile which her father had printed and one of papers which were coming off the press as fast as Tom could keep it rolling.

Helen put on a heavy, blue-denim apron to protect her school dress and went to work. With nimble hands she put the sheets of paper together, folded them with a quick motion and slid the completed paper off the table and onto a box placed close by for that purpose.

The press, of unknown vintage, moved slowly and when Helen started at the

same time as Tom she could fold the papers as rapidly as they were printed. But that day Tom, who had managed to be excused half an hour early, had too much of a start and when he finished the press run Helen still had several hundred papers to fold.

Tom stopped the press, shut off the motor, raised the ink rollers and then pulled the forms off the press and carried them to the other makeup table. After washing the ink off the type with a gasoline-soaked rag, he gathered an armful of papers Helen had folded and carried them into the editorial office. There he got out the long galleys which held the names of the subscribers. He inked each galley, placed it in the mailing machine, and then fed the papers into the mailer. They came out with the name of a subscriber printed at the top of each paper.

The young Blairs worked silently, hastening to complete their respective tasks so they could hurry home. Tom had forgotten his plans to play baseball and all thought of the outcome of the debate tryouts had left Helen's mind. There was one thought uppermost in their minds. What was the matter with their father?

Beauty and the Beast

by Madame Gabrielle de Villeneuve

<http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/32389>

There was once a very rich merchant who had six children—three boys and three girls. As he was himself a man of great sense, he spared no expense for their education. The three daughters were all handsome, but particularly the youngest; indeed, she was so very beautiful that in her childhood every one called her the Little Beauty; and being equally lovely when she was grown up, nobody called her by any other name, which made her sisters very jealous of her. This youngest daughter was not only more handsome than her sisters, but also was better tempered. The two eldest were vain of their wealth and position. They gave themselves a thousand airs, and refused to visit other merchants' daughters; nor would they condescend to be seen except with persons of quality. They went every day to balls, plays, and public walks, and always made game of their youngest sister for spending her time in reading or other useful employments. As it was well known that these young ladies would have large fortunes, many great merchants wished to get them for wives; but the two eldest always answered that, for their parts, they had no thoughts of marrying any one below a duke or an earl at least. Beauty had quite as many offers as her sisters, but she always answered, with the greatest civility, that though she was much obliged to her lovers, she would rather live some years longer with her father, as she thought herself too young to marry.

It happened that, by some unlucky accident, the merchant suddenly lost all his fortune, and had nothing left but a small cottage in the country. Upon this he said to his daughters, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "My children, we must now go and dwell in the cottage, and try to get a living by labor, for we have no other means of support." The two eldest replied that they did not know how to work, and would not leave town; for they had lovers enough who would be glad to marry them, though they had no longer any fortune. But in this they were mistaken; for when the lovers heard what had happened, they said, "The girls were so proud and ill-tempered that all we wanted was their fortune; we are not sorry at all to see their pride brought down; let them show off their airs to their cows and sheep." But everybody pitied poor Beauty, because she was so sweet-tempered and kind to all, and several gentlemen offered to marry her, though she had not a penny; but Beauty still refused, and said she could not think of leaving her poor father in his trouble. At first Beauty could not help sometimes crying in secret for the hardships she was now obliged to suffer; but in a very short time she said to herself, "All the crying in the world will do me no good, so I will try to be happy without a fortune."

When they had removed to their cottage the merchant and his three sons employed themselves in ploughing and sowing the fields, and working in the garden. Beauty also did her part, for she rose by four o'clock every morning, lighted the fires, cleaned the house, and got ready the breakfast for the whole family. At first she found all this very hard; but she soon grew quite used to it, and thought it no hardship; indeed, the work greatly benefited her health. When she had done she used to amuse herself with reading, playing her music, or singing while she spun. But her two sisters were at a loss what to do to pass the time away: they had their breakfast in bed, and did not rise till ten o'clock. Then they commonly walked out, but always found themselves very soon tired, when they would often sit down under a shady tree, and grieve for the loss of their carriage and fine clothes, and say to each other, "What a mean-spirited, poor, stupid creature our young sister is, to be so content with this low way of life!" But their father thought differently, and loved and admired his youngest child more than ever.

After they had lived in this manner about a year the merchant received a letter, which informed him that one of his richest ships, which he thought was lost, had just come into port. This news made the two eldest sisters almost mad with joy, for they thought they should now leave the cottage, and have all their finery again. When they found that their father must take a journey to the ship, the two eldest begged he would not fail to bring them back some new gowns, caps, rings, and all sorts of trinkets. But Beauty asked for nothing; for she thought in herself that all the ship was worth would hardly buy everything her sisters wished for. "Beauty," said the merchant, "how comes it that you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

"Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father," she answered, "I should be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden." Now Beauty did not indeed wish for a rose, nor anything else, but she only said this that she might not affront her sisters; otherwise they would have said she wanted her father to praise her for desiring nothing. The merchant took his leave of them, and set out on his journey; but when he got to the ship some persons went to law with him about the cargo, and after a deal of trouble he came back to his cottage as poor as he had left it. When he was within thirty miles of his home, and thinking of the joy of again meeting his children, he lost his way in the midst of a dense forest. It rained and snowed very hard, and, besides, the wind was so high as to throw him twice from his horse. Night came on, and he feared he should die of cold and hunger, or be torn to pieces by the wolves that he heard howling round him. All at once he cast his eyes towards a long avenue, and saw at the end a light, but it seemed a great way off. He made the best of his way towards it, and found that it came from a splendid palace, the windows of which were all blazing with light. It had great bronze gates, standing wide open, and fine court-yards, through which the merchant passed; but not a living soul was to be seen. There were stables too, which his poor, starved horse, less scrupulous than himself, entered at once, and took a good meal of oats and hay. His master then tied him up, and walked towards the entrance-hall, but still without seeing a single creature. He went on to a large dining-parlor, where he found a good fire, and a table covered with some very nice dishes, but only one plate with a knife and fork. As the snow and rain had wetted him to the skin, he went up to the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house or his servants will excuse me, for it surely will not be long now before I see them." He waited some time, but still nobody came; at last the clock struck eleven, and the merchant, being quite faint for the want of food, helped himself to a chicken, and to a few glasses of wine, yet all the time trembling with fear. He sat till the clock struck twelve, and then, taking courage, began to think he might as well look about him; so he opened a door at the end of the hall, and went through it into a very grand room, in which there was a fine bed; and as he was feeling very weary, he shut the door, took off his clothes, and got into it.

It was ten o'clock in the morning before he awoke, when he was amazed to see a handsome new suit of clothes laid ready for him, instead of his own, which were all torn and spoiled. "To be sure," said he to himself, "this place belongs to some good fairy, who has taken pity on my ill luck." He looked out of the window, and instead of the snow-covered wood, where he had lost himself the previous night, he saw the most charming arbors covered with all kinds of flowers. Returning to the hall where he had supped, he found a breakfast-table, ready prepared. "Indeed, my good fairy," said the merchant aloud, "I am vastly obliged to you for your kind care of me." He then made a hearty breakfast, took his hat, and was going to the stable to pay his horse a visit; but as he passed under one of the arbors, which was loaded with roses, he thought of what Beauty had asked him to bring back to her, and so he took a bunch of roses to carry home. At the same moment he heard a loud noise, and saw coming towards him a beast, so frightful to look at that he was ready to faint with fear. "Ungrateful man!" said the beast, in a

terrible voice, "I have saved your life by admitting you into my palace, and in return you steal my roses, which I value more than anything I possess. But you shall atone for your fault: you shall die in a quarter of an hour."

The merchant fell on his knees, and, clasping his hands, said, "Sir, I humbly beg your pardon. I did not think it would offend you to gather a rose for one of my daughters, who had entreated me to bring her one home. Do not kill me, my lord!"

"I am not a lord, but a beast," replied the monster; "I hate false compliments, so do not fancy that you can coax me by any such ways. You tell me that you have daughters; now I will suffer you to escape if one of them will come and die in your stead. If not, promise that you will yourself return in three months, to be dealt with as I may choose."

The tender-hearted merchant had no thoughts of letting any one of his daughters die for his sake; but he knew that if he seemed to accept the beast's terms, he should at least have the pleasure of seeing them once again. So he gave his promise, and was told he might set off as soon as he liked. "But," said the beast, "I do not wish you to go back empty-handed. Go to the room you slept in, and you will find a chest there; fill it with whatsoever you like best, and I will have it taken to your own house for you."

When the beast had said this he went away. The good merchant, left to himself, began to consider that as he must die—for he had no thought of breaking a promise, made even to a beast—he might as well have the comfort of leaving his children provided for. He returned to the room he had slept in, and found there heaps of gold pieces lying about. He filled the chest with them to the very brim, locked it, and, mounting his horse, left the palace as sorrowful as he had been glad when he first beheld it. The horse took a path across the forest of his own accord, and in a few hours they reached the merchant's house. His children came running round him, but, instead of kissing them with joy, he could not help weeping as he looked at them. He held in his hand the bunch of roses, which he gave to Beauty, saying, "Take these roses, Beauty; but little do you think how dear they have cost your poor father." And then he gave them an account of all that he had seen or heard in the palace of the beast.

The two eldest sisters now began to shed tears, and to lay the blame upon Beauty, who, they said, would be the cause of her father's death. "See," said they, "what happens from the pride of the little wretch; why did not she ask for such things as we did? But, to be sure, miss must not be like other people; and though she will be the cause of her father's death, yet she does not shed a tear."

"It would be useless," replied Beauty; "for father shall not die. As the beast will accept of one of his daughters, I will give myself up, and be only too happy to prove my love for the best of fathers."

"No, sister," said the three brothers, with one voice, "that cannot be; we will go in search of this monster, and either he or we will perish."

"Do not hope to kill him," said the merchant; "his power is far too great. But Beauty's young life shall not be sacrificed; I am old, and cannot expect to live much longer; so I shall but give up a few years of my life, and shall only grieve for the sake of my children."

"Never, father!" cried Beauty; "if you go back to the palace, you cannot hinder my going after you;

though young, I am not over-fond of life; and I would much rather be eaten up by the monster than die of grief for your loss.”

The merchant in vain tried to reason with Beauty, who still obstinately kept to her purpose; which, in truth, made her two sisters glad, for they were jealous of her, because everybody loved her.

The merchant was so grieved at the thoughts of losing his child that he never once thought of the chest filled with gold, but at night, to his great surprise, he found it standing by his bedside. He said nothing about his riches to his eldest daughters, for he knew very well it would at once make them want to return to town; but he told Beauty his secret, and she then said that while he was away two gentlemen had been on a visit at their cottage who had fallen in love with her two sisters. She entreated her father to marry them without delay, for she was so sweet-natured she only wished them to be happy.

Three months went by only too fast, and then the merchant and Beauty got ready to set out for the palace of the beast. Upon this the two sisters rubbed their eyes with an onion to make believe they were crying; both the merchant and his sons cried in earnest. Only Beauty shed no tears. They reached the palace in a very few hours, and the horse, without bidding, went into the same stable as before. The merchant and Beauty walked towards the large hall, where they found a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. The merchant had very little appetite; but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at the table, and helped her father; she then began to eat herself, and thought all the time that, to be sure, the beast had a mind to fatten her before he ate her up, since he had provided such good cheer for her. When they had done their supper they heard a great noise, and the good old man began to bid his poor child farewell, for he knew it was the beast coming to them. When Beauty first saw that frightful form she was very much terrified, but tried to hide her fear. The creature walked up to her and eyed her all over; then asked her, in a dreadful voice, if she had come quite of her own accord.

“Yes,” said Beauty.

“Then you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you.”

This was such an astonishingly civil answer that Beauty’s courage rose; but it sank again when the beast, addressing the merchant, desired him to leave the palace next morning, and never return to it again. “And so good-night, merchant. And good-night, Beauty.”

“Good-night, beast,” she answered, as the monster shuffled out of the room.

“Ah! my dear child,” said the merchant, kissing his daughter, “I am half dead already, at the thought of leaving you with this dreadful beast; you shall go back and let me stay in your place.”

“No,” said Beauty, boldly, “I will never agree to that; you must go home to-morrow morning.”

Then they wished each other good-night and went to bed, both of them thinking they should not be able to close their eyes; but as soon as ever they had lain down they fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake till morning. Beauty dreamed that a lady came up to her, who said: “I am very much pleased, Beauty, with the goodness you have shown, in being willing to give your life to save that of your father. Do not be afraid of anything; you shall not go without a reward.”

As soon as Beauty awoke she told her father this dream; but though it gave him some comfort, he was a long time before he could be persuaded to leave the palace. At last Beauty succeeded in getting him safely away.

When her father was out of sight poor Beauty began to weep sorely; still, having naturally a courageous spirit, she soon resolved not to make her sad case still worse by sorrow, which she knew was vain, but to wait and be patient. She walked about to take a view of all the palace, and the elegance of every part of it much charmed her.

But what was her surprise when she came to a door on which was written Beauty's Room! She opened it in haste, and her eyes were dazzled by the splendor and taste of the apartment. What made her wonder more than all the rest was a large library filled with books, a harpsichord, and many pieces of music. "The beast surely does not mean to eat me up immediately," said she, "since he takes care I shall not be at a loss how to amuse myself." She opened the library, and saw these verses written in letters of gold on the back of one of the books:

"Beauteous lady, dry your tears,
Here's no cause for sighs or fears.
Command as freely as you may,
For you command and I obey."

"Alas!" said she, sighing, "I wish I could only command a sight of my poor father, and to know what he is doing at this moment." Just then, by chance, she cast her eyes on a looking-glass that stood near her, and in it she saw a picture of her old home, and her father riding mournfully up to the door. Her sisters came out to meet him, and although they tried to look sorry, it was easy to see that in their hearts they were very glad. In a short time all this picture disappeared, but it caused Beauty to think that the beast, besides being very powerful, was also very kind. About the middle of the day she found a table laid ready for her, and a sweet concert of music played all the time she was dining, without her seeing anybody. But at supper, when she was going to seat herself at table, she heard the noise of the beast, and could not help trembling with fear.

"Beauty," said he, "will you give me leave to see you sup?"

"That is as you please," answered she, very much afraid.

"Not in the least," said the beast; "you alone command in this place. If you should not like my company you need only say so, and I will leave you that moment. But tell me, Beauty, do you not think me very ugly?"

"Why, yes," said she, "for I cannot tell a falsehood; but then I think you are very good."

"Am I?" sadly replied the beast; "yet, besides being ugly, I am also very stupid: I know well enough that I am but a beast."

"Very stupid people," said Beauty, "are never aware of it themselves."

At which kindly speech the beast looked pleased, and replied, not without an awkward sort of politeness, "Pray do not let me detain you from supper, and be sure that you are well served. All you see is your own, and I should be deeply grieved if you wanted for anything."

"You are very kind—so kind that I almost forgot you are so ugly," said Beauty, earnestly.

"Ah! yes," answered the beast, with a great sigh; "I hope I am good-tempered, but still I am only a monster."

"There is many a monster who wears the form of a man; it is better of the two to have the heart of a man and the form of a monster."

"I would thank you, Beauty, for this speech, but I am too senseless to say anything that would please you," returned the beast, in a melancholy voice; and altogether he seemed so gentle and so unhappy that Beauty, who had the tenderest heart in the world, felt her fear of him gradually vanish.

She ate her supper with a good appetite, and conversed in her own sensible and charming way, till at last, when the beast rose to depart, he terrified her more than ever by saying, abruptly, in his gruff voice, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

Now Beauty, frightened as she was, would speak only the exact truth; besides, her father had told her that the beast liked only to have the truth spoken to him. So she answered, in a very firm tone, "No, beast."

He did not go into a passion, or do anything but sigh deeply, and depart.

When Beauty found herself alone she began to feel pity for the poor beast. "Oh!" said she, "what a sad thing it is that he should be so very frightful, since he is so good-tempered!"

Beauty lived three months in this palace very well pleased. The beast came to see her every night, and talked with her while she supped; and though what he said was not very clever, yet, as she saw in him every day some new goodness, instead of dreading the time of his coming, she soon began continually looking at her watch, to see if it were nine o'clock; for that was the hour when he never failed to visit her. One thing only vexed her, which was that every night before he went away he always made it a rule to ask her if she would be his wife, and seemed very much grieved at her steadfastly replying "No." At last, one night, she said to him, "You wound me greatly, beast, by forcing me to refuse you so often; I wish I could take such a liking to you as to agree to marry you, but I must tell you plainly that I do not think it will ever happen. I shall always be your friend, so try to let that content you."

"I must," sighed the beast, "for I know well enough how frightful I am; but I love you better than myself. Yet I think I am very lucky in your being pleased to stay with me; now promise me, Beauty, that you will never leave me."

Beauty would almost have agreed to this, so sorry was she for him, but she had that day seen in her magic glass, which she looked at constantly, that her father was dying of grief for her sake.

"Alas!" she said, "I long so much to see my father that if you do not give me leave to visit him I shall

break my heart.”

“I would rather break mine, Beauty,” answered the beast; “I will send you to your father’s cottage, you shall stay there, and your poor beast shall die of sorrow.”

“No,” said Beauty, crying, “I love you too well to be the cause of your death; I promise to return in a week. You have shown me that my sisters are married, and my brothers are gone for soldiers, so that my father is left all alone. Let me stay a week with him.”

“You shall find yourself with him to-morrow morning,” replied the beast; “but mind, do not forget your promise. When you wish to return you have nothing to do but to put your ring on a table when you go to bed. Good-bye, Beauty!” The beast sighed as he said these words, and Beauty went to bed very sorry to see him so much grieved. When she awoke in the morning she found herself in her father’s cottage. She rang a bell that was at her bedside, and a servant entered; but as soon as she saw Beauty the woman gave a loud shriek; upon which the merchant ran up-stairs, and when he beheld his daughter he ran to her and kissed her a hundred times. At last Beauty began to remember that she had brought no clothes with her to put on; but the servant told her she had just found in the next room a large chest full of dresses, trimmed all over with gold, and adorned with pearls and diamonds.

Beauty, in her own mind, thanked the beast for his kindness, and put on the plainest gown she could find among them all. She then desired the servant to lay the rest aside, for she intended to give them to her sisters; but, as soon as she had spoken these words, the chest was gone out of sight in a moment. Her father then suggested perhaps the beast chose for her to keep them all for herself; and as soon as he had said this, they saw the chest standing again in the same place. While Beauty was dressing herself a servant brought word to her that her sisters were come with their husbands to pay her a visit. They both lived unhappily with the gentlemen they had married. The husband of the eldest was very handsome, but was so proud of this that he thought of nothing else from morning till night, and did not care a pin for the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man of great learning; but he made no use of it, except to torment and affront all his friends, and his wife more than any of them. The two sisters were ready to burst with spite when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess, and looking so very charming. All the kindness that she showed them was of no use; for they were vexed more than ever when she told them how happy she lived at the palace of the beast. The spiteful creatures went by themselves into the garden, where they cried to think of her good-fortune.

“Why should the little wretch be better off than we?” said they. “We are much handsomer than she is.”

“Sister,” said the eldest, “a thought has just come into my head: Let us try to keep her here longer than the week for which the beast gave her leave, and then he will be so angry that perhaps when she goes back to him he will eat her up in a moment.”

“That is well thought of,” answered the other, “but to do this we must pretend to be very kind.”

They then went to join her in the cottage, where they showed her so much false love that Beauty could not help crying for joy.

When the week was ended the two sisters began to pretend such grief at the thought of her leaving them that she agreed to stay a week more; but all that time Beauty could not help fretting for the sorrow

that she knew her absence would give her poor beast; for she tenderly loved him, and much wished for his company again. Among all the grand and clever people she saw she found nobody who was half so sensible, so affectionate, so thoughtful, or so kind. The tenth night of her being at the cottage she dreamed she was in the garden of the palace, that the beast lay dying on a grass-plot, and with his last breath put her in mind of her promise, and laid his death to her forsaking him. Beauty awoke in a great fright, and burst into tears. "Am not I wicked," said she, "to behave so ill to a beast who has shown me so much kindness? Why will not I marry him? I am sure I should be more happy with him than my sisters are with their husbands. He shall not be wretched any longer on my account; for I should do nothing but blame myself all the rest of my life."

She then rose, put her ring on the table, got into bed again, and soon fell asleep. In the morning she with joy found herself in the palace of the beast. She dressed herself very carefully, that she might please him the better, and thought she had never known a day pass away so slowly. At last the clock struck nine, but the beast did not come. Beauty, dreading lest she might truly have caused his death, ran from room to room, calling out, "Beast, dear beast!" but there was no answer. At last she remembered her dream, rushed to the grass-plot, and there saw him lying apparently dead beside the fountain. Forgetting all his ugliness, she threw herself upon his body, and, finding his heart still beat, she fetched some water and sprinkled it over him, weeping and sobbing the while.

The beast opened his eyes. "You forgot your promise, Beauty, and so I determined to die; for I could not live without you. I have starved myself to death, but I shall die content since I have seen your face once more."

"No, dear beast," cried Beauty, passionately, "you shall not die; you shall live to be my husband! I thought it was only friendship I felt for you, but now I know it was love."

The moment Beauty had spoken these words the palace was suddenly lighted up, and all kinds of rejoicings were heard around them, none of which she noticed, but hung over her dear beast with the utmost tenderness. At last, unable to restrain herself, she dropped her head over her hands, covered her eyes, and cried for joy; and, when she looked up again, the beast was gone. In his stead she saw at her feet a handsome, graceful young prince, who thanked her with the tenderest expressions for having freed him from enchantment.

"But where is my poor beast? I only want him and nobody else," sobbed Beauty.

She saw at her feet a handsome, graceful young prince

"I am he," replied the prince. "A wicked fairy condemned me to this form, and forbade me to show that I had any wit or sense till a beautiful lady should consent to marry me. You alone, dearest Beauty, judged me neither by my looks nor by my talents, but by my heart alone. Take it, then, and all that I have besides, for all is yours."

Beauty, full of surprise, but very happy, suffered the prince to lead her to his palace, where she found her father and sisters, who had been brought there by the fairy-lady whom she had seen in a dream the first night she came.

“Beauty,” said the fairy, “you have chosen well, and you have your reward, for a true heart is better than either good looks or clever brains. As for you, ladies,” and she turned to the two elder sisters, “I know all your ill deeds, but I have no worse punishment for you than to see your sister happy. You shall stand as statues at the door of her palace, and when you repent of and have amended your faults, you shall become women again. But, to tell you the truth, I very much fear you will remain statues forever.”

Fifine and Her Cat

by Mrs. (Mary Louisa) Molesworth, from *Five Minutes' Stories*

<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/33196/pg33196.txt>

Fifine was walking quietly up and down the garden path, her big cat, Mimi, in her arms. From time to time she talked to Mimi, asking her questions or telling her the thoughts passing through her mind, and when Mimi purred, Fifine was quite satisfied that the cat was agreeing with her. When she did not purr, and gave no signs of attending, Fifine would give her a little shake, or even a pinch, which naturally made Mimi squeak, and was supposed to mean she was _not_ this time of the same opinion as Fifine. This had happened more than usual this morning, for Fifine was in a rather irritable humour. She was not feeling pleased with herself, and nothing makes little girls, and big people, too, more uncomfortable than this.

Suddenly, from a little distance came a well-known voice.

"Fifine, my child," it said, "you have not come to the little gate to wish me good morning," and looking up, Fifine saw a tall figure, all dressed in black, standing some way down the path. It was her kind friend and neighbour, the old _curé_ or village clergyman, whose house was at the other side of the high garden wall. In general Fifine was delighted to see him, but this morning she walked towards him slowly, making a sort of pretence that Mimi was too heavy for her.

"Where is Madeleine?" said the clergyman, his voice sounding grave. Madeleine was Fifine's sister, and two years older. "She is not ill? Why is she not with you?"

"She--she is in the house," she replied. She had glanced up for a moment in his face, but the serious look in his eyes, generally so kind and gentle, made her quickly turn hers down again.

"You will not tell me why she is not playing with you as usual, I see," he went on very gravely. "Shall _I_ tell _you_? It is because her little sister got into a passion with her, really for no reason at all. Would one believe it--this little sister slapped and knocked Madeleine, and called her many naughty names? No wonder Madeleine stays in the house."

Fifine forgot her shame in astonishment. She stared up in the old gentleman's face, both her eyes and her mouth wide open.

"How do you know?" she exclaimed. "We were in the house--in our own room. No one was there, and I know, sir, Madeleine has not seen you this

morning; besides," and here Fifine looked down again, "Madeleine would not tell."

"No, you are right, Madeleine would not tell, and did not tell. A little bird told me, my poor Fifine, and it was sad news for him to carry this lovely morning," and shaking his head, the _curé_ turned and walked slowly away.

"A little bird indeed," repeated five years old Fifine to herself contemptuously. "That is what they tell babies. I know better. A little bird only means 'somebody' told. Besides, there are no nests on that side of the house. Who could it be? Mimi, tell me, don't be stupid now. Who do you think it was?" and as Mimi made no reply, Fifine shook her, which drew forth a plaintive squeak and a struggle to get out of her mistress's arms. This made Fifine still more angry. She flung Mimi down, the poor cat--for a worm will turn--glowered up at her, with a rather ugly look in her green eyes, and slunk off.



"I have it," exclaimed Fifine. "You nasty, mean, spiteful cat. It was you who told. I remember you were on the window-sill, and then I didn't see you any more, till I found you out here in the garden coming back from your visit next door, no doubt! Ah, you may pretend it wasn't you. You can't speak, but you can tell things all the same, and _Monsieur le curé_ is clever enough to understand. Why, he has often told me he can understand what his old dog Platon says by the way he wags his tail. You, too, were the only person who saw me hit Madeleine. Mean cat; _but I shall punish you_, " and off dashed the indignant Fifine in pursuit of Mimi.

The summer day passed quickly. Sweet-tempered Madeleine soon forgot the offence she was only too ready to forgive, and in merry play with some little friends, the troubles of the morning were quickly out of mind. Tired with fun and excitement, Fifine fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow. She had slept several hours when she suddenly woke.

It was quite dark--the very middle of the summer night--at first not a sound broke the silence. Then faintly, but distinctly, came through the half-opened window a low piteous wail--again and again. Fifine sat up to listen. There was no sound from the larger room next door, where Madeleine slept beside the nurse. No one was awake but Fifine, and again, and again came that pitiful mew. Yes, it was a mew, and up jumped Fifine at last.

The _curé_ had sat up late that evening, reading, his window open to the pleasant night-air. He closed his book at last, and was turning to put out the lamp, when a little sound made him look round. There, at the low window, stood a little white-robed, bare-footed figure, sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, sir, oh, sir, come and let Mimi out. I shut her into the tool-house, because I thought she had told you about my hitting Madeleine, and I can't get her out, and she will die of hunger--my poor Mimi--since yesterday morning she has had nothing to eat, and nobody is awake but you. I have come all alone in the dark. I forgot all about her," and the sobs redoubled.

In five minutes the kind _curé_ had managed to open the door which the gardener had locked, and Mimi was safe in Fifine's arms.

"And suppose it was _not_ Mimi who told me?" said the good old man as he carried the little girl home again.

"I _was_ naughty, but I didn't mean to leave Mimi all day. You said it was a little bird, sir, but I know that is only baby-talk."

"Yes, my child, and I am sorry I did not tell you who it really was. It was your dear mamma, my Fifine, who overheard your fit of temper and asked me to speak to you seriously. Will this be a lesson to you? See what angry temper leads to--hurting your sister, and nearly killing your poor cat."

"Forgive me, I will try to be better; indeed I will," sobbed Fifine.

"And ask God to help you, my dear little girl," said the kind _curé_, as he bade her good-night.

The Patchwork School.

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, from *The Pot of Gold*
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Once upon a time there was a city which possessed a very celebrated institution for the reformation of unruly children. It was, strictly speaking, a Reform School, but of a very peculiar kind.

It had been established years before by a benevolent lady, who had a great deal of money, and wished to do good with it. After thinking a long time, she had hit upon this plan of founding a school for the improvement of children who tried their parents and all their friends by their ill behavior. More especially was it designed for ungrateful and discontented children; indeed it was mainly composed of this last class.

There was a special set of police in the city, whose whole duty was to keep a sharp lookout for ill-natured fretting children, who complained of their parents' treatment, and thought other boys and girls were much better off than they, and to march them away to the school. These police all wore white top boots, tall peaked hats, and carried sticks with blue ribbon bows on them, and were very readily distinguished. Many a little boy on his way to school has dodged round a corner to avoid one, because he had just been telling his mother that another little boy's mother gave him twice as much pie for dinner as he had. He wouldn't breathe easy till he had left the white top boots out of sight; and he would tremble all day at every knock on the door.

There was not a child in the city but had a great horror of this school, though it may seem rather strange that they should; for the punishment, at first thought, did not seem so very terrible. Ever since it was established, the school had been in charge of a very singular little old woman. Nobody had ever known where she came from. The benevolent lady who founded the institution, had brought her to the door one morning in her coach, and the neighbors had seen the little brown, wizened creature, with a most extraordinary gown on, alight and enter. This was all any one had ever known about her. In fact, the benevolent lady had come upon her in the course of her travels in a little German town, sitting in a garret window, behind a little box-garden of violets, sewing patchwork. After that, she became acquainted with her, and finally hired her to superintend her school. You see, the benevolent lady had a very tender heart, and though she wanted to reform the naughty children of her native city, and have them grow up to be good men and women, she did not want them to be shaken, nor have their ears cuffed; so the ideas advanced by the

strange little old woman just suited her.

"Set 'em to sewing patchwork," said this little old woman, sewing patchwork vigorously herself as she spoke. She was dressed in a gown of bright-colored patchwork, with a patchwork shawl over her shoulders. Her cap was made of tiny squares of patchwork, too. "If they are sewing patchwork," went on the little old woman, "they can't be in mischief. Just make 'em sit in little chairs and sew patchwork, boys and girls alike. Make 'em sit and sew patchwork, when the bees are flying over the clover, out in the bright sunlight, and the great bluewinged butterflies stop with the roses just outside the windows, and the robins are singing in the cherry-trees, and they'll turn over a new leaf, you'll see!" sewing away with a will.

So the school was founded, the strange little old woman placed over it, and it really worked admirably. It was the pride of the city. Strangers who visited it were always taken to visit the Patchwork School, for that was the name it went by. There sat the children, in their little chairs, sewing patchwork. They were dressed in little patchwork uniforms; the girls wore blue and white patchwork frocks and pink and white patchwork pinafores, and the boys blue and white patchwork trousers, with pinafores like the girls. Their cheeks were round and rosy, for they had plenty to eat--bread and milk three times a day--but they looked sad, and tears were standing in the corners of a good many eyes. How could they help it? It did seem as if the loveliest roses in the whole country were blossoming in the garden of the Patchwork School, and there were swarms of humming-birds flying over them, and great red and blue-winged butterflies. And there were tall cherry-trees a little way from the window, and they used to be perfectly crimson with fruit; and the way the robins would sing in them! Later in the season there were apple and peach-trees, too, the apples and great rosy peaches fairly dragging the branches to the ground, and all in sight from the window of the schoolroom.

No wonder the poor little culprits cooped up indoors sewing red and blue and green pieces of calico together, looked sad. Every day bales of calico were left at the door of the Patchwork School, and it all had to be cut up in little bits and sewed together again. When the children heard the heavy tread of the porters bringing in the bales of new calico, the tears would leave the corners of their eyes and trickle down their poor little cheeks, at the prospect of the additional work they would have to do. All the patchwork had to be sewed over and over, and every crooked or too long stitch had to be picked out; for the Patchwork Woman was very particular. They had to make all their own clothes of patchwork, and after those were done, patchwork bed quilts, which were given to the city poor; so the benevolent lady killed two birds with one stone, as you might say.

Of course, children staid in the Patchwork School different lengths of time, according to their different offenses. But there were very few children in the city who had not sat in a little chair and sewed patchwork, at one time or another, for a greater or less period. Sooner or later, the best children were sure to think they were ill-treated by their parents, and had to go to bed earlier than they ought, or did not have as much candy as other children; and the police would hear them grumbling, and drag them off to the Patchwork School. The Mayor's son, especially, who might be supposed to fare as well as any little boy in the city, had been in the school any number of times.

There was one little boy in the city, however, whom the white-booted police had not yet found any occasion to arrest, though one might have thought he had more reason than a good many others to complain of his lot in life. In the first place, he had a girl's name, and any one knows that would be a great cross to a boy. His name was Julia; his parents had called him so on account of his having a maiden aunt who had promised to leave her money to him if he was named for her.

So there was no help for it, but it was a great trial to him, for the other boys plagued him unmercifully, and called him "missy," and "sissy," and said "she" instead of "he" when they were speaking of him. Still he never complained to his parents, and told them he wished they had called him some other name. His parents were very poor, hard-working people, and Julia had much coarser clothes than the other boys, and plainer food, but he was always cheerful about it, and never seemed to think it at all hard that he could not have a velvet coat like the Mayor's son, or carry cakes for lunch to school like the lawyer's little boy.

But perhaps the greatest cross which Julia had to bear, and the one from which he stood in the greatest danger of getting into the Patchwork School, was his Grandmothers. I don't mean to say that grandmothers are to be considered usually as crosses. A dear old lady seated with her knitting beside the fire, is a pleasant person to have in the house. But Julia had four, and he had to hunt for their spectacles, and pick up their balls of yarn so much that he got very little time to play. It was an unusual thing, but the families on both sides were very long-lived, and there actually were four grandmothers; two great ones, and two common ones; two on each side of the fireplace, with their knitting work, in Julia's home. They were nice old ladies, and Julia loved them dearly, but they lost their spectacles all the time, and were always dropping their balls of yarn, and it did make a deal of work for one boy to do. He could have hunted up spectacles for one Grandmother, but when it came to four, and one

was always losing hers while he was finding another's, and one ball of yarn would drop and roll off, while he was picking up another--well, it was really bewildering at times. Then he had to hold the skeins of yarn for them to wind, and his arms used to ache, and he could hear the boys shouting at a game of ball outdoors, maybe. But he never refused to do anything his Grandmothers asked him to, and did it pleasantly, too; and it was not on that account he got into the Patchwork School.

It was on Christmas day that Julia was arrested and led away to the Patchwork School. It happened in this way: As I said before, Julia's parents were poor, and it was all they could do to procure the bare comforts of life for their family; there was very little to spend for knickknacks. But I don't think Julia would have complained at that; he would have liked useful articles just as well for Christmas presents, and would not have been unhappy because he did not find some useless toy in his stocking, instead of some article of clothing, which he needed to make him comfortable. But he had had the same things over and over, over and over, Christmas after Christmas. Every year each of his Grandmothers knit him two pairs of blue woollen yarn stockings, and hung them for him on Christmas Eve, for a Christmas present. There they would hang--eight pairs of stockings with nothing in them, in a row on the mantel shelf, every Christmas morning.

Every year Julia thought about it for weeks before Christmas, and hoped and hoped he would have something different this time, but there they always hung, and he had to go and kiss his Grandmothers, and pretend he liked the stockings the best of anything he could have had; for he would not have hurt their feelings for the world.

His parents might have bettered matters a little, but they did not wish to cross the old ladies either, and they had to buy so much yarn they could not afford to get anything else.

The worst of it was, the stockings were knit so well, and of such stout material, that they never wore out, so Julia never really needed the new ones; if he had, that might have reconciled him to the sameness of his Christmas presents, for he was a very sensible boy. But his bureau drawers were full of the blue stockings rolled up in neat little hard balls--all the balls he ever had; the tears used to spring up in his eyes every time he looked at them. But he never said a word till the Christmas when he was twelve years old. Somehow that time he was unusually cast down at the sight of the eight pairs of stockings hanging in a row under the mantel shelf; but he kissed and thanked his Grandmothers just as he always had.

When he was out on the street a little later, however, he sat down in

a doorway and cried. He could not help it. Some of the other boys had such lovely presents, and he had nothing but these same blue woollen stockings.

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked a voice.

Without looking up, Julia sobbed out his troubles; but what was his horror when he felt himself seized by the arm and lifted up, and found that he was in the grasp of a policeman in white top boots. The policeman did not mind Julia's tears and entreaties in the least, but led him away to the Patchwork School, waving his stick with its blue ribbon bow as majestically as a drum major.

So Julia had to sit down in a little chair, and sew patchwork with the rest. He did not mind the close work as much as some of the others, for he was used to being kept indoors, attending to his Grandmothers' wants; but he disliked to sew. His term of punishment was a long one. The Patchwork Woman, who fixed it, thought it looked very badly for a little boy to be complaining because his kind grandparents had given him some warm stockings instead of foolish toys.

The first thing the children had to do when they entered the school, was to make their patchwork clothes, as I have said. Julia had got his finished and was busily sewing on a red and green patchwork quilt, in a tea-chest pattern, when, one day, the Mayor came to visit the school. Just then his son did not happen to be serving a term there; the Mayor never visited it with visitors of distinction when he was.

To-day he had a Chinese Ambassador with him. The Patchwork Woman sat behind her desk on the platform and sewed patchwork, the Mayor in his fine broadcloth sat one side of her, and the Chinese Ambassador, in his yellow satin gown, on the other.

The Ambassador's name was To-Chum. The children could not help stealing glances occasionally at his high eyebrows and braided queue, but they cast their eyes on their sewing again directly.

The Mayor and the Ambassador staid about an hour; then after they had both made some remarks--the Ambassador made his in Chinese; he could speak English, but his remarks in Chinese were wiser--they rose to go.

Now, the door of the Patchwork School was of a very peculiar structure. It was made of iron of a great thickness, and opened like any safe door, only it had more magic about it than any safe door ever had. At a certain hour in the afternoon, it shut of its own accord, and opened at a certain hour in the morning, when the Patchwork Woman repeated a formula before it. The formula did no good whatever at any

other time; the door was so constructed that not even its inventor could open it after it shut at the certain hour of the afternoon, before the certain hour the next morning.

Now the Mayor and the Chinese Ambassador had staid rather longer than they should have. They had been so interested in the school that they had not noticed how the time was going, and the Patchwork Woman had been so taken up with a very intricate new pattern that she failed to remind them, as was her custom.

So it happened that while the Mayor got through the iron door safely, just as the Chinese Ambassador was following it suddenly swung to, and shut in his braided queue at a very high point.

Then there was the Ambassador on one side of the door, and his queue on the other, and the door could not possibly be opened before morning. Here was a terrible dilemma! What was to be done? There stood the children, their patchwork in their hands, staring, open-mouthed, at the queue dangling through the door, and the Patchwork Woman pale with dismay, in their midst, on one side of the door, and on the other side was the terror-stricken Mayor, and the poor Chinese Ambassador.

"Can't anything be done?" shouted the Mayor through the keyhole--there was a very large keyhole.

"No," the Patchwork Woman said. "The door won't open till six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, try!" groaned the Mayor. "Say the formula."

She said the formula, to satisfy them, but the door staid firmly shut. Evidently the Chinese Ambassador would have to stay where he was until morning, unless he had the Mayor snip his queue off, which was not to be thought of.

So the Mayor, who was something of a philosopher, set about accommodating himself, or rather his friend, to the situation.

"It is inevitable," said he to the Ambassador. "I am very sorry, but everybody has to conform to the customs of the institutions of the countries which they visit. I will go and get you some dinner, and an extra coat. I will keep you company through the night, and morning will come before you know it."

"Well," sighed the Chinese Ambassador, standing on tiptoe so his queue should not pull so hard. He was a patient man, but after he had eaten

his dinner the time seemed terrible long.

"Why don't you talk?" said he to the Mayor, who was dozing beside him in an easy-chair. "Can't you tell me a story?"

"I never did such a thing in my life," replied the Mayor, rousing himself; "but I am very sorry for you, dear sir; perhaps the Patchwork Woman can."

So he asked the Patchwork Woman through the keyhole.

"I never told a story in my life," said she; "but there's a boy here that I heard telling a beautiful one the other day. Here, Julia," called she, "come and tell a story to the Chinese Ambassador."

Julia really knew a great many stories which his Grandmothers had taught him, and he sat on a little stool and told them through the keyhole all night to the Chinese Ambassador.

He and the Mayor were so interested that morning came and the door swung open before they knew it. The poor Ambassador drew a long breath, and put his hand around to his queue to see if it was safe. Then he wanted to thank and reward the boy who had made the long night hours pass so pleasantly.

"What is he in here for?" asked the Mayor, patting Julia, who could hardly keep his eyes open.

"He grumbled about his Christmas presents," replied the Patchwork Woman.

"What did you have?" inquired the Mayor.

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings," answered Julia, rubbing his eyes.

"And the year before?"

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings."

"And the year before that?"

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings."

"Didn't you ever have anything for Christmas presents but blue yarn stockings?" asked the astonished Mayor.

"No, sir," said Julia meekly.

Then the whole story came out. Julia, by dint of questioning, told some, and the other children told the rest; and finally, in the afternoon, orders came to dress him in his own clothes, and send him home. But when he got there, the Mayor and Chinese Ambassador had been there before him, and there hung the eight pairs of blue yarn stockings under the mantel-shelf, crammed full of the most beautiful things--knives, balls, candy--everything he had ever wanted, and the mantel-shelf piled high also.

A great many of the presents were of Chinese manufacture; for the Ambassador considered them, of course, superior, and he wished to express his gratitude to Julia as forcibly as he could. There was one stocking entirely filled with curious Chinese tops. A little round head, so much like the Ambassador's that it actually startled Julia, peeped out of the stocking. But it was only a top in the shape of a little man in a yellow silk gown, who could spin around very successfully on one foot, for an astonishing length of time. There was a Chinese lady-top too, who fanned herself coquettishly as she spun; and a mandarin who nodded wisely. The tops were enough to turn a boy's head.

There were equally curious things in the other stockings. Some of them Julia had no use for, such as silk for dresses, China crape shawls and fans, but they were just the things for his Grandmothers, who, after this, sat beside the fireplace, very prim and fine, in stiff silk gowns, with China crape shawls over their shoulders, and Chinese fans in their hands, and queer shoes on their feet. Julia liked their presents just as well as he did his own, and probably the Ambassador knew that he would.

The Mayor had filled one stocking himself with bonbons, and Julia picked out all the peppermints amongst them for his Grandmothers. They were very fond of peppermints. Then he went to work to find their spectacles, which had been lost ever since he had been away.

An Hymn to the Evening

by Phyllis Wheatley

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main
The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain;
Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing,
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats,
Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dyes are spread!
But the west glories in the deepest red;
So may our breasts with every virtue glow
The living temples of our God below!
Filled with the praise of him who gave the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers soothe each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heaven'ly, more refin'd.
So shall the labors of the day begin
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.
Nights' leaden scepter seal my drowsy eyes,
When cease my song, till fair Aurora rise.